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# Young Klondike

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Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 33.

NEW YORK APRIL 5, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## YOUNG KLONDIKE AND THE COFFIN SHIP; OR CHASING THE UNKNOWN'S MAN. BY AUTHOR OF YOUNG KLONDIKE.



"The ship is doomed!" gasped Young Klondike, as he flashed the lantern toward the side. There, coming through the seams of the timbers, was a great spurt of water which fell at their feet.

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### OR, Chasing the Unknown's Man.

BY AUTHOR OF YOUNG KLONDIKE.

The R. V. Perine  
P. O. Box 787,  
CHAPTER I.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

"My dear Mr. Golden, this is the chance of a lifetime."

"If it is, Mr. Skipp," replied a handsome young fellow, with a slight smile, "I should certainly not like to lose it."

The scene was the president's private office in the Bank of Alaska at Juneau, and there were four persons there. Lawrence Hamlin, the president of the bank, in appearance the very type of the successful business man, shrewd, middle-aged and prosperous-looking. He was seated in a rocker.

Beside him, warming himself at a stove, was Septimus Skipp, the cashier of the bank. Mr. Skipp was many years younger than the president, and his round, boyish-looking face, made him appear younger than he really was. It almost seemed as if he and the president had changed places, for it was the cashier who did most of the talking.

The young fellow he addressed as Mr. Golden was no other than the famous Young Klondike, and the fourth person in the room was Dick Luckey, Young Klondike's partner in the firm of Golden & Luckey. Ned and Dick had called at the bank in response to a letter which they had received from the president. Since coming to Alaska they had amassed great wealth, and the consequence was that they were now very much in request amongst business men, and when any new scheme was mooted, Golden & Luckey were invariably consulted.

"You certainly will lose it, Mr. Golden," said the cashier, resuming the conversation, "unless you come at once. There's only one block of stock left. Fifty thousand dollars, I think, Mr. Hamlin."

"Fifty thousand," repeated the president, who seemed to act as echo for Mr. Skipp.

"Mr. Skipp," said Dick Luckey, "we ought to have the details put in front of us before we go any further."

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly. Fifty thousand dollars is a mere flea bite for such a firm as Golden & Luckey, but that's no reason why you shouldn't exercise as much prudence as poorer men. It is well known that you always make it a practice to examine very closely every business proposal that is made to you, and so the fact of my speaking to you at all shows the confidence I have in the scheme."

Ned said nothing, and as Skipp was too shrewd a man to tire the two young capitalists with generalities he plunged into details at once.

"The corporation is called," said the cashier, taking up a paper and reading from it. "'The Lake Kosko Drainage & Exploration Company.' The idea is superb, my dear sir! Colossal!" cried Skipp, waving his hands.

"It does you credit, Skipp," observed the president.

"You are too good, sir," said Skipp, bowing slightly, and trying hard to look modest. "Imagine, Mr. Golden, a great lake with an area of three hundred and fifty square miles, and an average depth of forty feet. Rather a large amount of water that, sir. How many gallons did we say it was, Mr. Hamlin?"

The president murmured something about having forgotten the total, and taking up a pencil and paper volunteered to work out the figures.

"Oh, never mind doing that, Mr. Hamlin!" exclaimed Dick, "a few million gallons more or less won't matter."

"Accuracy in these matters is essential," said Skipp, looking distressed at Dick's unbusinesslike remark. "But we will waive that point for the pres-

ent. Since the world was created, Mr. Golden," said Skipp, impressively, laying his hands on Ned's shoulders and speaking in a solemn tone of voice, "that vast amount of water had filled Lake Kosko. We offer you a chance to share in the glorious work of emptying it."

"Emptying it!" cried Ned, in genuine amazement. "I really don't see what necessity there is to do that."

"To get the gold, sir."

"But where is the gold, Mr. Skipp?"

"The bottom of the lake is paved with it. I tell you, speaking now as one business man to another, it is a regular Golconda."

"Have you proof that the gold exists in the bed of the lake as you say," asked Ned, "or is this statement a mere speculation on your part?"

Septimus Skipp appeared deeply offended, and looked at the president for support.

"Skipp isn't that kind of man, Mr. Golden," said Hamlin, coming to the rescue. "A more careful, practical person I have never met."

"I have a business reputation to sustain, Mr. Golden," said Skipp, proudly. "Supposing I asked my friends to invest in this undertaking and the money was lost? It would be hard for me to look my fellow creatures in the face again. Honesty and sagacity constitute my capital, and I will stick to them through thick and thin. Now, to proceed. We first heard from some Indians wonderful stories of the gold in the lake, and eventually divers were employed at great expense to go down and make a complete investigation, and I took good care that only the most expert and reliable men were engaged."

"What did they say?" asked Dick.

"Let me read you the reports of the men," said Skipp. "I take one at random," he continued seizing a paper from the pile in front of him as he spoke. "Not one of the best, but it will answer the purpose. This is what Orson Flint says. 'Acting under instructions, I surveyed the bed of Lake Kosko, going down at six different parts of the lake. I found many nuggets of almost pure gold, and at some places the flake gold was so thick that the soil beneath was not visible. I——'"

"Flint's one of the most truthful men I ever met," interrupted the president. "If I hadn't known him so well, I should almost have thought that he was drawing somewhat on his imagination."

"I don't think we need trouble you to read any more, Mr. Skipp," said Ned.

"Have you made up your mind?" exclaimed Skipp, in delighted tones. "You have decided to join us."

"Not at all," answered Ned. "That's not my way of doing business. What I meant was that I've heard enough to show me the kind of enterprise in which you wish to interest my firm. I shall want to talk it over thoroughly with my partners."

"Mr. Skipp," cried Dick, "there's one thing I'd like to know. There's a tremendous lot of water in

the lake. It seems to me that it would require millions of dollars to drain it, and it would take years to do it."

"Not if my plan is carried out," was Skipp's answer. "What that plan is I can't say at present, because that is a secret known to no one but myself and Mr. Hamlin. By this method the water can be run off for a few thousand dollars, and if you make up your minds to join us I will give you the fullest details."

"You had better give me the prospectus you have there," said Ned, "the divers' reports and any other printed matter relating to the business, so that I can refer to them in case of necessity."

"Say the word 'yes,' now, Mr. Golden," cried the cashier, making a final effort to get Ned to consent to join the company. "The thing's a sure winner. I defy you to lose a cent. I wouldn't sell the stock I hold for ten times what it cost me, would you, Mr. Hamlin?"

"Nothing shall induce me to part with mine, Skipp," said the president.

"You see, Mr. Golden," continued Skipp, "two sound business men like myself and our esteemed president have faith in the venture. Take my advice, I'm an older man than you, and I know how often people have lost money by letting these sure things slip by them. Don't hesitate or you'll be too late. Why, some one may come in as soon as you leave; I can't refuse him the stock if he wants it. I know I can sell the stock ten times over, but my desire is to have the name of Golden & Luckey on the list of stockholders. One word more——"

"I tell you I want Mr. Golden," cried a voice from without, at this point.

"Somebody for me," said Ned. "Please excuse me while I speak to him."

"My dear sir, you will oblige me by not moving," said Skipp, instantly. "Whoever it is can come into this room."

The cashier rang a bell, and when the boy answered it, he gave instructions that whoever had called to see Ned should be shown in at once, and thereupon a man was introduced. Ned recognized him as one of the servants at the hotel where he was staying.

"Here's a letter for you, Young Klondike," said the man, handing it over as he spoke. "There's no answer."

He turned and left the room, and as he did so Ned tore open the envelope.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, reading the contents. "This is from the Unknown. He's met with an accident."

"An accident!" exclaimed Dick. "Ned, we must go at once. Where is he?"

"At the hotel. Yes, Dick, we must hurry back as fast as our legs can carry us."

"One moment!" cried Skipp, hurrying towards the door.

"Not an instant," answered Ned. "One of our

best friends has need of us, and that's enough. Gentlemen, I wish you both good-day."

And so Ned and Dick hurried away, taking no notice of the irrepressible Mr. Skipp, who followed them out to the street, dilating on the prospects of untold wealth that the Lake Kosko Drainage scheme offered.

"Is he very much hurt?" asked Dick.

"He doesn't say, but I'm afraid he must be in pretty bad shape or he'd never have sent for us. Ah! here's the hotel. Now we shall know."

The boys entered the El Dorado Hotel, which was a small structure with a big name, and the instant they did so they heard a familiar voice speaking.

"Here I am, dear boy!" cried some one from a back room, "lying on my bed of pain."

The individual who had spoken was in a semi-recumbent position. His back was propped up against the wall, and his body was resting on a bed which had been laid on the floor. He was fully dressed, wearing an old plug hat, and a pair of big cavalry boots reaching above his knees. In person he was short and rather stout.

"Why, Zed!" cried Ned, "what have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing, dear boy, nothing," answered the Unknown, "but the ice has done considerable to me, nearly broken my leg, in fact. I slipped and fell heavily, Ned, and had to be carried back here. Directly I arrived I sent for you."

"But why have you kept your boots on? Has nothing been done for you?"

"Nothing, Ned. I wouldn't trust these people. Have a look," said the Unknown, "and just let me know in how many places the limb is broken."

The Unknown made a wry face whilst Ned and Dick were pulling off the boot, although they did it as gently as possible. Ned then made a thorough examination.

"I don't think much harm has been done, Zed," he said. "Certainly no bone is broken. The ankle is swollen somewhat, showing that you've sprained it slightly. Some cold water will soon cure that."

"I'm glad it's no worse!" cried Dick.

"Not more glad than I am," laughed the Unknown. "I'm afraid a cork leg wouldn't be exactly the thing for Alaska, and I don't mind telling you I thought it meant that when they were carrying me home. Dear boy, that rubbing has done it good. I declare it's better already. Twist a bandage round it, and I'll put on my boot again."

They tried to persuade the Unknown that it was foolish to attempt to get his boot on so soon, but on this point he was obstinate, and they let him have his way.

He stood up and tried to walk, and to his satisfaction, he found that he was able to do so, though he limped badly.

"What's the matter with Zed?" cried a pretty girl who entered at this moment wearing her hat, for she had just come in from the street.

This was Miss Edith Welton, who had been rescued by Ned and Dick from a wreck on their first voyage to Alaska. Since then she had accompanied them everywhere and was a partner in the firm of Golden & Luckey. She expressed her sympathy with the Unknown, and was anxious to know whether she could do anything for him.

"It's already been done, Edith," said the Unknown. "Ned and Dick have attended to yours truly with such success that no further bulletin will be issued, the patient being out of danger. Suppose we light the lamp, as it's getting dark, and we'll have some music and singing."

Just as Dick had lighted the lamp, a cry from Edith attracted the attention of everyone.

"Look! Look!" she cried, pointing as she spoke to a face at the window. "Some one is looking in at us!"

"By the Jumping Jeremiah!" shouted the Unknown, springing to his feet, despite his injury, and limping to the window. "I have him now. Ye gods and little fishes! my man at last! There is no deception this time, Young Klondike. I tell you it's the real thing!"

As he spoke the face vanished from behind the pane.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WRECK OF THE YACHT.

"YOUR man!" exclaimed Ned. "What are you giving us? How many more times are you going to find him?"

"I may have made mistakes before, Ned," said the Unknown. "But I've found him now."

No doubt the reader will think some little explanation of this scene is desirable.

The Unknown was believed by his friends to be a detective. According to him he had traveled in all parts of the world after a mysterious individual he alluded to invariably as "my man." Who this man was, or what he had done no one knew, and the Unknown would never tell.

A deep mystery surrounded him, a mystery as profound as that which the Unknown had thrown around himself. The detective persistently refused to disclose his name, and although they had known him for more than a year and he had been everywhere with them, Ned and his friends had no idea who he was.

"Perhaps it was an imagination," said Dick. "We're on the second story, so how is it possible for a man to look in at the window. We must have been deceived."

"I saw him!" cried the Unknown, throwing open the window as he spoke and looking out into the darkness. "Dick, here's the explanation of what you couldn't understand. There's a ladder placed right up against the wall, and the man was standing on it. You saw him, Ned?"

"Certainly, I saw him," answered Ned. "And I'll vouch for the fact that he was real flesh and blood, too. Wonder what his motive could have been in spying on us."

"My man, dear boy, my man," said the Unknown. "That speaks volumes."

"You've spoken volumes about your man, Zed," replied Ned, laughingly, "if that's what you mean."

"Ned, listen to me," said the detective, speaking gravely. "This is no joking matter. I have to find that man. Years ago I set out to do so, and I allow nothing to turn me aside from the work. A few minutes ago, providentially, I saw him, and I tell you that it is my intention to keep on his trail until I run him down. I shall be glad if you will help me. If not I will go alone."

Without waiting for an answer, the Unknown limped towards the door.

"You're crazy!" cried Ned. "You're in no condition to do any walking to-night."

"The sight of that man has put new life into me, Ned. I shall be all right soon."

"But what are you going to do now," inquired Ned. "You don't know who the man who looked in at the window is, and how are you going to find him?"

"Easy enough," replied the detective, quickly. "He ran across the yard at the back, and as we had a little snow this afternoon, the trail must be distinct. We'll keep on that trail and see where it leads us."

"You're not fooling us, Zed?" asked Ned.

"I declare upon my honor, Ned," answered the Unknown, "that to the best of my knowledge and belief the man who looked in at the window is the man I'm after."

"That's enough for me, Zed!" cried Dick. "I'll stick to you to the end."

"And I'm quite satisfied," said Young Klondike. "I wouldn't give much for your man's chances, Zed. I'm afraid we shall make things unpleasantly hot for him before long."

"Dear boy," said the detective, "he's just as much caught as though he had the bracelets on him. This only shows what patience will do. I've been after him for years and never gave up the chase, because I knew I should have him. Come, we must hurry, if we don't want to lose him now."

Ned was convinced that the Unknown was quite serious in his belief that the man they were after was the mysterious stranger whom he had been searching for so long.

"It must be the man, Dick," said Ned, quietly. "The Unknown's foot must be very painful, so he wouldn't stir out of the hotel to-night unless the case was urgent."

Dick fully agreed with Ned on this point, and so, too, did Edith, who went with them. The Unknown was moving slowly and cautiously over the snow, lantern in hand, searching for the stranger's trail, and it took him only a short time to find it.

To follow it was a more difficult matter, because

the man had doubled many times, and the trail twisted and turned in every direction. Now it led toward the town, then it seemed to be going to the mountains, and suddenly back it would come towards the sea.

"One thing is very plain," said Dick. "The man has tried to throw us off his trail. He seems to know what he is doing."

"Knows what he's doing!" cried the Unknown. "I should smile! I tell you the blame fellow is the slickest cuss I was ever up against, and I've handled some pretty warm specimens in my time."

"Then it won't be a picnic," said Ned.

"Can't say, dear boy," answered the Unknown. "Ha! We're off for the sea this time and no mistake."

"Take my advice and put your lantern away, Zed. Blow it out," said Ned. "You don't want to be seen, do you?"

"No, but I'm afraid unless I keep the lantern lit I can't follow the trail. Yes!" cried the detective, joyfully, "it's going right down to the sea now, so we're bound to have him. He can't get any further than the water, that's sure."

With the Unknown leading, they went rapidly now, until they could hear the waves beating on the shore, and a moment later they saw a great fire blazing on the beach not far beneath them.

"There's no one near the fire!" cried Dick.

"We'll soon see that," exclaimed the Unknown, forgetting his limp in his excitement, and going so rapidly that he overtook Dick and passed him.

Just as he did so a shot was fired.

"Drop that lantern!" cried Ned, sharply. "I told you to do so just now, only you seemed determined to make a target of yourself."

The Unknown took Ned's advice this time, and throwing the lantern on the beach he rushed towards the fire.

"Deserted!" he cried, thoroughly disappointed at what he saw.

"There's a boat," exclaimed Edith, "and a lot of men in it, too!"

"My man!" cried the Unknown. "I'll have him yet!"

Towards the water went the detective now, the others following closely at his heels, and as they reached the sea all the objects around them became as visible as if it was day. The wind had revived somewhat, and the breeze had fanned the fast dying fire and great flames shot up instantly.

As they stood by the tide a man rose in the stern of the boat.

"So you're alive after all, Mac!" he cried. "Thought it was you when I looked in at the window. Good-night, old fellow, wish you luck."

"I'll swim after him!" shouted the Unknown, beside himself with passion, stepping into the water as he spoke.

"You'll do no such thing!" cried Ned, as he firmly grasped the detective's arm. "You couldn't

swim fast enough to overtake that boat, and even if you could, you would only be swimming to your death. They'd just knock you over the head with an oar, and that would be your finish."

"Why didn't I bring my rifle?" said the Unknown. "This is maddening. He's getting away, and I can do nothing to prevent it."

"There's a steamer out there!" cried Dick. "That's where these men are rowing."

"It looks like a yacht," said Ned. "Look! They're going aboard, and evidently they were being waited for, because steam's up, and they're off already."

A cry came over the water at this moment, which sounded like, "Good-night, Mac!" though it was hard to say if such were the exact words that were used, and at the same time a man on the yacht's deck waved his cap towards the group on the beach.

"She's gone!" cried Ned, as the yacht faded from view.

"Gone! Yes!" echoed the Unknown, recovering himself and speaking with great energy. "But that scoundrel shall not escape me. I don't care where he goes, I'll follow him anywhere, to the Sandwich Islands or Siberia, but I'll have him! By the Jumping Jeremiah, I will!"

"We have one satisfaction out of this scene, anyway," said Dick, a few minutes later. "We know Zed's name now."

"The man in the boat called him 'Mac,'" said Edith.

"Which is it, Zed?" asked Dick, laughingly. "Irish or Scotch? Is it Paddy McCarthy I've the honor of addressing or Sandy Macdonald?"

"My name's as much 'Mac!' " cried the Unknown, angrily, "as that blame cuss' is——"

"Well, what is it?" inquired Ned, eagerly, observing that the Unknown paused suddenly.

"We'll call him, Mr. Man," said the Unknown.

"But that's no name at all, Zed!" exclaimed Young Klondike. "I don't quite see the object of all this mystery."

"Some day you will, dear boy," answered the detective. "Let me run things in my own way at present, Ned, if you don't mind. I have reasons for acting as I'm doing, or I'd be only too glad to tell you everything."

"That's quite enough, Zed," said Young Klondike; "every man's secrets belong to himself, and I'm the last person in the world to want to pry into yours. But what's to be done now? We can't follow that man, though I should certainly like to do so, to teach him a lesson if for no other reason. What right had he to fire at us, that's what I'd like to know?"

"Ned," said the Unknown, "you'll want to know very much more than that if we have much of his society. We can catch him yet. I've been thinking of a plan. Our yacht, the Golden Sea Gull, is ready for sailing. All we have to do is to light the fires, get away and follow Mr. Man."

"Hooray!" cried Dick. "We'll give chase. Zed, I'm ready to go anywhere."

"Then go down to the yacht and light the fires," said Ned. "I'll look in at the hotel and have everything sent down we shall want."

The Unknown went with Dick to assist him with the fire, for the detective wanted to get up steam as quickly as possible, so that no time might be lost. When Ned and Edith arrived they found the yacht almost ready to sail, and a few minutes later the boat cast off its moorings and steamed away towards the beach where the other yacht had been seen.

Ned acted as skipper, seeing to the navigation of the boat, and Dick was in the engine room heaping up the fires, in his endeavor to send the Golden Sea Gull along. Both Ned and Dick had acted in these capacities before, which was fortunate, for the captain and crew of the yacht had been paid off, and it would have been impossible to have got help in Juneau at a moment's notice. The Unknown was steward and deck hand, exercising a general supervision over everything, but occupying himself more in the part of a lookout man than anything else, so great was his anxiety to find the other yacht.

"When they had last seen it, the yacht was being loaded for Cross Sound apparently, and so the Golden Sea Gull went in the same direction, and so fortunate were Ned and his friends, that within three hours the strange yacht was sighted.

The Unknown was wild with excitement now.

He flew from Ned at the wheel to Dick in the engine, and then back again, not remaining still one instant.

"Send her along, Dick," he cried, "let her rip! Steer a bee line, if you love me, Ned."

The Golden Sea Gull soon showed herself to be much the faster boat, and was rapidly overhauling the other craft when a thick fog came on; all pursuit was at once out of the question. Then, almost before the Unknown could utter a lamentation over this unfortunate state of things, a furious wind rose, sleet and hail fell, and the waves lashed into fury by the storm, rolled mountains high.

One great wave swept over the ship, carrying away one of the boats, and flooding the engine room. Dick, fighting the water, escaped on deck, wet to the skin, and torn and bruised.

"The fires are out!" he cried, just managing to make himself heard.

"The ship's sinking!" shouted the Unknown. "She's half full of water now. We have one boat left. We must lower it."

"In such a sea as this it cannot live," answered Ned.

"Ned, it's our only chance. We must make as good a fight as possible for our lives."

"The wind's going down," said Dick.

"Too late to be of any service to us," replied Ned. "We can't keep afloat much longer."

"There's another wreck!" cried Edith, looking

across the water in the gray morning light, "and a big one, too."

"By the Jumping Jeremiah!" shouted the Unknown, "it's a ship!"

"Whatever she is!" exclaimed Ned, "we will row to her, for I know it will keep afloat longer than the Golden Sea Gull!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE COFFIN SHIP.

THE launching of the boat was a difficult matter with such a sea running, and the greatest care was needed to prevent it from being thrown against the yacht. If this had happened the side of the boat would have been stove in, and the situation of Ned and his friends would have become more precarious than ever.

"We shall never do it," said Dick.

"How long will the Golden Sea Gull keep afloat?" asked Ned.

"From twenty minutes to half an hour with luck," answered the Unknown. "But what do you ask that for?"

"Because, Zed," answered Young Klondike, "the sea is falling every instant. Let us stay here until the last moment. In fifteen minutes we may be able to lower the boat without much difficulty."

There was wisdom in Ned's suggestion, so it was decided to adopt it at once, and they all stood watching the waves with anxious faces, clinging to ropes as they did so, in case the water should dash over the deck of the yacht and endanger their lives. Every moment the sea grew calmer, much to their satisfaction, though the yacht was settling down faster than they had expected.

"That craft afloat still," said Dick, looking towards the ship.

"I hope it's not a case of jumping from the pan into the fire," cried the Unknown.

"We must take our chance of that, Zed," said Young Klondike. "It's Hobson's choice with us. Down with the boat. Jump into her, Dick, and keep it off from the yacht with a boat hook."

Dick sprang into the boat, and Ned and the Unknown lowered it into the sea.

"Now, Edith, in with you!" cried Ned. "There's not a moment to lose."

The Unknown and Ned helped Edith into the boat, and instantly they sprang in after her, Dick pushing off with all his strength as soon as they were safe aboard.

At once Ned and the Unknown seized the oars and rowed vigorously along, finding it hard work to make much headway, and having the greatest trouble to prevent the boat from being swamped. As it was, although they shipped much water, which wetted them thoroughly, but by keeping the boat's head to the waves they managed to remain afloat.

"We shall never be able to board that ship," said Dick.

"Why not?" inquired Ned.

"Because the waves will dash us up against it and smash our boat, Ned."

"Not if we go round to the lee side of the ship. The water's comparatively calm there."

Hard work they found it to get where Ned wished, but it had to be done or no landing could take place, and so they toiled on, Edith and Dick bailing out the water whilst the two others rowed.

With great care the boat was brought up to the ship, and, as it rode on the top of a wave close to her hull, Dick made a great leap and landed on the deck, which was almost on a level with the boat. Instantly he seized a loose rope he saw lying there, and securing one end of it, he threw the other towards the boat and Edith caught it.

Ned at once made the rope fast and Dick pulled the boat in.

Edith and Ned were safe on the ship by Dick's side in a moment, but the Unknown had worse luck than either. He was pitched headfirst into the sea as he stood at the stern of the boat, but fortunately he came to the surface on the crest of a wave, and Ned hitched the boat hook in his collar and dragged him aboard.

"Well, there's one consolation," said the Unknown, shaking himself. "I was soaked to the skin before, so I couldn't get any wetter."

"We must try to get the boat on deck," exclaimed Ned. "We may want it again before long, for there's no knowing how long this ship will keep afloat. Lend a hand, Zed."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the Unknown, hitching up his trousers in nautical fashion. "Dear boy, I'll be a regular Jack Tar before long, I'm thinking."

Everyone helped at the work, Edith included, and the boat was lashed securely so that it could not be washed away.

"Thank goodness, that's done," cried Dick. "Now we can rest, for I'm half dead."

"We can't take a moment's rest," said Ned.

"And why not?"

"Because we must have a good look round. This ship is water-logged and sinking. Our business is to find out where the leak is so that we may try to patch it up."

"Right you are, Ned," said the Unknown. "There's no knowing how long it may be before we see a sail to pick us up. We must prepare for the worst, and I tell you I've no fancy for going to sea in that small boat again. I'd rather take my chances on this coffin ship."

The first thing they did was to go to the after cabin, and as the companion way was open, nothing prevented them from going down. Everything was in confusion, but all was dry, for the water had not penetrated there.

The floor was littered with the contents of sea chests, and clothing of all kinds was scattered about,

as if the owners had snatched up a garment or two hastily at the moment of departure, leaving all else behind them.

"Hooray!" cried Dick; "we can get a change of clothes, and by gracious, I shan't be sorry, either!"

"And something to eat, too," said Edith, "for there are plenty of stores left behind."

"They must have gone off in a hurry," said Ned. "Evidently they were not picked up by a ship, but went away in their boats."

"And where are they now?" asked the Unknown.

"Why, that's more than either you or I can say, Zed."

"I think not, dear boy. Take my word for it, the whole crowd have gone to the bottom. At the time they abandoned the ship no boat could have lived ten minutes in such a sea."

"That's likely enough to be the case. Poor fellows! Well, it's a thing that happens every day somewhere," said Ned.

"Our day will be to-morrow," groaned the Unknown.

"And how about Mr. Man?" cried Dick. "I wonder what's become of him."

The Unknown's gloomy look left him in a moment now.

"By the Jumping Jeremiah?" he cried. "He must be a dead man now. Thanks, Dick, for reminding me of him, for I'm alive, so I have the advantage over him still."

"Come along," said Ned, putting an end to this talk. "We haven't half looked around yet. Let us see what the state of the fore-castle is."

Reaching there they found themselves entirely unable to enter, for it was full of water, and this it was that caused the bow of the ship to be so low down in the sea.

"I don't believe the leak is here," said Ned, after looking at the water for some time.

"Then how did this blame fluid get in?" asked the Unknown.

"Across the decks, in my opinion, Zed."

"Then you don't think there's a leak at all, I suppose?" inquired Edith.

"I wish I could think that, Edith," answered Young Klondike. "But I can't, because I'm sure that the wreck is lower in the water than she was when we first sighted her."

"She's at least two feet deeper!" cried Dick.

"We must find the leak," exclaimed Ned.

"I'll bet my hat it's in the hold," cried the Unknown. "Off with the hatches, dear boy, and we shall soon solve the mystery."

As soon as one of the hatches was removed, crowding around, they tried to see what was happening below, but the darkness was intense, and nothing was visible.

"I can hear water," cried Edith.

"Let us go down," exclaimed the Unknown.

"And break our necks in the darkness! Not for me," retorted Ned.

"I saw a lantern in the cabin," said Dick. "If we have that we can see what we are doing, well enough."

"That alters the case," answered Ned. "Dick, run and fetch it."

There was a narrow iron ladder that led from the deck down through the hatchway to the keel of the vessel, and Ned, carrying the lantern, went first, with the others following immediately after him.

"I'm in the water!" he cried, as soon as he stepped off the ladder.

"Deep?" exclaimed the Unknown.

"Not much above my ankles, Zed, where I'm standing now. I can't say what it's like further on."

"Go right ahead, Ned," said the Unknown. "Hold up your lantern and show us the way, and we'll keep at your heels."

As they proceeded, they found that the depth of the water through which they were wading remained about the same, and they had no difficulty in making headway.

"A strange kind of a craft," said the Unknown. "No cargo, and no ballast, either. Our feet are right on the ship's bottom now."

"Listen!" cried Edith. "Now can you hear the water plain enough?"

"Yes, and I can locate it by the sound," answered Ned. "It's on the lee side of the ship."

"Hold up the lantern, Ned," cried the Unknown, a few minutes later, and Ned did so.

Thus, by its light they could see a great sheet of water.

"The ship is doomed!" gasped Young Klondike, as he flashed the lantern towards the side.

There coming through the seams of the timbers was a great spurt of water which fell at their feet.

Ned, who was in front, stood looking on with a startled air, whilst the faces of Dick, the Unknown and Edith, who were close behind him, showed the utmost dismay.

"Doomed!" groaned the Unknown, after a few moments' profound silence. "I should think it was. Ye gods and little fishes! this is a coffin ship, for fair!"

The water as it came in arched gracefully over like a miniature cascade and fell splashing at their feet, and so great was the stream that poured in that every instant they found it rising about them; it was soon almost up to their knees.

"It's no use standing here staring at this water," said Edith.

"You never said a truer word than that, Edith," answered Ned. "Something must be done at once."

"Something!" said the Unknown. "There we are with you, but what?"

"We must stop the leak now that we have located it."

"We can get a plank or two and nail over the hole, I suppose," said the Unknown. "Stay here and I'll be back in a few minutes with all that's necessary."

Soon they heard the Unknown shouting to them from the deck. He was standing at the hatchway.

"Stand from under," he cried, "or you'll get smashed!"

"We're nowhere near," answered Ned.

Hearing this, the Unknown threw several planks down into the hold, where they fell with a great splash, and as they floated on the surface Dick and Ned dragged them across to the place where they were wanted. The Unknown joined them very soon, having with him a bag of nails, a hammer, some screws and a screw-driver and other tools, which he had found in the cabin.

"The point is how to reach it," cried Dick.

"Stand on my shoulders, dear boy," said the Unknown. "Help him up, Ned. I'm the strong man of the party."

Edith held the lantern whilst Dick was assisted up by Ned, and then Dick went to work at once. Very quickly he nailed a plank over the seam which apparently let in the most water, but as soon as he jumped down from the Unknown's shoulders the plank was forced out, and the water came in as freely as before.

"I expected it," said Dick. "The nails can't hold. The wood is completely rotten."

"We must calk up the seams," cried Ned. "That's our only chance. There's plenty of old rope about."

Ned's suggestion was adopted with excellent results, and after the seams had been stopped, the water merely trickled in, running in tiny streams down the ship's timbers.

"We're safe enough for the present," said the Unknown. "If no more water than this comes in, it will take a year to fill the ship."

"Let us make sure," observed Ned. "We can do so by nailing some tarpaulin over the hole on the outside of the ship. After that's done I shall feel quite safe."

This proved to be a harder job than the other, because the hole outside was under the water most of the time, and it was hard to work at it. They lowered Dick down, and eventually he managed to do what was needed, working when the ship rose out of the waves.

As soon as this was finished they stood together on the deck, looking around in every direction, in the hope that some sail might be visible, but their search was all in vain.

Edith now called their attention to what seemed to be a bank of fog right ahead of the ship, and this was subjected to a close inspection.

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, after a few moments' silence. "This is a great discovery, Edith. That is not fog we see ahead of us, but land. Our chances now of escaping are better than I ever thought they would be."

"Land!" shouted the Unknown, joyfully. "Then the sooner we steer this old second-hand coffin over that way, the better it will be for all concerned."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE COFFIN SHIP RUNS ON THE ISLAND.

"If you'll kindly take a look at our craft, Zed," remarked Young Klondike, "I think you'll notice that we're just as well able to fly as to sail. To put it mildly, this ship, as the song says, has seen better days."

Up to now they had paid little attention to the masts and sails, and when they did so, their faces fell considerably. The mizzenmast was simply a stump, which stuck up above the deck for a few feet, and the foremast was in little better shape. As for the sails, the question at once arose, where were they, for certainly none were visible.

"I've heard that ships usually carry spare canvas," said Ned. "Perhaps we may find some if we look."

"Not coffin ships, Ned," observed the Unknown.

"Well, we can't say till we've searched, anyway, and I mean to do so at once."

The carpenter's stores fortunately were found intact, and as Ned had supposed, plenty of spare sails were discovered buried under a lot of cordage and lumber.

"They didn't know they were here," cried the Unknown, "or they'd never have sent the ship out with them."

"Perhaps not, Zed," answered Ned. "But the main thing is that they are here, and that's enough. To rig up a jury mast with all these spars is a simple matter enough, even for us, and we must manage to stretch the sail somehow."

The task had one advantage—it kept all parties warm, and this was important, for everybody was wet through, and though there were plenty of clothes aboard, up to now they had not been able to devote the necessary time to getting into dry garments. The Unknown stood looking on with a critical eye whilst Ned and Dick worked, throwing in a suggestion from time to time, whilst Edith still watched for a passing sail.

Eventually the jury mast was run up and some sort of a sail stretched. It was not very fine in appearance, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended, and a few minutes after it was fixed it was noticed that the ship no longer drifted, but moved steadily ahead.

"Not much wind, Ned," said the Unknown.

"I don't want any more," replied Young Klondike. "If it should blow stronger, I'm thinking it would carry away our mast and sail. Edith, go below, and see if you can't find something dry to put on. I'll look after the wheel, Dick can manage the sail, and the Unknown——"

"Well, what shall I do, dear boy?" inquired the detective. "I never like to be idle, as you may well know."

"Well, you shan't be," laughed Ned. "You just swarm up the mast here, and nail your handkerchief to it as a signal of distress."

The Unknown evidently did not like the job given to him, and he stood looking at the mast up which he was expected to climb, with anything but a cheerful expression on his face.

"Exchange is no robbery, Dick," he cried. "Suppose I manage the sail, and you do the climbing. How does that strike you?"

"I'm perfectly willing," answered Dick. "Give me something to fly there."

"Here's a flag," cried Edith, running across the deck from the cabin hatchway. "It's the Stars and Stripes, and that ought to bring us luck."

"Hooray!" shouted Dick. "We shall pull through now with Old Glory flying over us."

"I used to do that sort of thing easily, years ago," said the Unknown, watching Dick as he went skillfully up the jury mast. "I remember in '83 in the Indian Ocean——"

"Come off that!" cried Dick. "We're getting along all right. What's the good of giving us that kind of stuff. You'll hoodoo us, Zed, if you don't keep quiet."

"Dear boy," answered the Unknown, "it occurred to me that if I related a few of the most interesting of my experiences, I might afford instruction combined with amusement."

"Your intention was good, Zed," laughed Ned. "We're ready to admit that, but don't do it again. We've been through a good deal to-day, and it might have a very serious effect on us."

The Unknown crushed his plug hat down over his eyes and walked away to the bow of the ship, where he still sat, when half an hour later, Edith appeared on deck. In one hand she carried a great coffee pot from which the steam poured, and she had two tin pannikins, such as sailors use in the other.

"I thought you'd like it, Ned," said Edith. "Take care, it's smoking hot."

"So much the better, for I'm half frozen. Thank you, Edith."

"Here's a cup for you, Zed," said Edith. "Look after the coffee pot. I'm going below again, and in a few minutes I'll have something hot for you to eat."

"Edith's the most thoughtful member of the party," observed the Unknown, coming aft. "That coffee puts new life into me, Ned."

"And into me, too," cried Dick. "Why, this is a regular picnic. I think it's out of sight."

"Like the poor old Sea Gull," said Ned. "She went to the bottom soon after we left her. We've made good headway, Zed."

"You bet we have. The land can't be more than two miles away now. We'll drop anchor near the shore."

"I know something better than that," said Ned. "We'll beach the ship."

"And smash her to pieces!"

"Pshaw! there's not the slightest danger of doing that. We're not going to run on the rocks, but on a sandy beach, and we're not moving very fast, so there will be scarcely any shock. We shall land

gently unless the wind rises, and that's not very likely."

"But what's the object of beaching the ship, Ned?" asked the Unknown.

"To overhaul her thoroughly. We may have to get back to Juneau in her, and she's in no condition to make such a voyage as she is now. When she's aground we can repair her."

"Dear boy, I hope it won't be necessary. We have plenty of stores, and what's to prevent us from making the journey to Juneau overland."

"Just a trifling obstacle, Zed. We're about to land on an island, and we haven't yet learned how to walk on the water."

Here they hastily swallowed some pork and beans which Edith brought to them, eating some hard-tack with it, but they were not able to devote many minutes to the meal, because the ship was near the shore now, and all hands were required to navigate her.

"We have enough weight on!" cried Dick. "How would it be if I lowered the sail?"

"Keep it up!" cried Ned, "and whistle for some more wind into the bargain. I want to be carried up as high and dry as possible. Hurrah! now she's moving!"

"Her keel's grating on the beach!" shouted the Unknown.

"Let it grate!" answered Ned. "No damage will be done. Hold on, or you'll be thrown off your feet. Ha, ha, ha! you were just a bit too late, Zed."

The Unknown was sent backwards by the sudden shock, and his plug hat knocked off his head was sent spinning along the deck, and he, rising to his feet instantly, started in chase of it.

"Saved!" he cried, grabbing it, just as it was going overboard. "So that's what you call landing gently, Ned. Scarcely any shock! Oh, no! none at all. Why, I'm bruised from head to foot."

"I'm going ashore right away!" shouted Dick, from the bow. "You can drop right over on to the beach from here, Ned," and without any delay Dick, going out on to the bowsprit, let himself down to the sand.

Edith, Ned and the Unknown went down a rope ladder which they found hanging amidship, and all were delighted to discover themselves on solid ground again.

"Now to explore the island!" cried Dick, impetuously.

"No, no," said the Unknown, "we mustn't think of such a thing yet. We must prepare for the worst. At any moment a gale may spring up, and the ship may be pounded to pieces on the beach. Then how should we live? We must get ashore plenty of stores to begin with and also our boat, so that we shall have something to fall back upon in case things go badly."

"Spoken like an oracle, Zed!" cried Ned. "Your advice can't be improved upon."

By the time the boat had been taken ashore and a good stock of provisions carried inland, it was quite

dark. It was decided to call a halt. There was no immediate danger, the night being clear and the sea tranquil, so it was agreed that they would sleep on the ship, where there were comfortable quarters for everybody. Edith had the best stateroom for herself, and Ned and Dick shared another between them. The Unknown, restless as usual, passed the greater part of his time on deck.

Next day the boat and the stores were both carried to a small cleft in the rocks, where the food would be kept dry in case rain came on, and it was resolved that this place should be turned into a shelter. Blankets and other warm things were brought from the ship and placed there ready for use if the necessity arose, and a quantity of wood was cut down and heaped up there too.

Ned took little part in this work, having been for the past few hours wandering along the side of a shallow stream which flowed gently down towards the sea.

"Well, found it?" cried the Unknown, when he came back. "Turn out the nuggets and let us see what they look like."

"Laugh as you please, Zed," said Young Klondike. "I believe there is gold on this island, and somebody else has thought so, too, for I saw signs that prospecting had gone on here."

"So of course you'll dig."

"You've hit it first time, Zed. That's just what I intend to do."

The Unknown sighed, for prospecting for gold was a laborious occupation which did not possess any particular attraction for him, and the less he had to do with it the better he was pleased.

"We might as well do something," observed Dick, "as waste time. Aboard the ship are any quantity of tools. I propose we start right away. We left Juneau to find your man, Zed, but he's probably dead. Anyway we've lost him, so we might just as well go back to our regular business of gold hunting."

"As you please, dear boy," said the Unknown. "I always go with the majority, and it's clearly against me this time."

It was early spring now, and working was quite pleasant. The ground was still frozen, as in fact it always is in Alaska, but hemlock trees grew in abundance near the spot Ned had selected for prospecting, so a great fire was speedily made.

They kept it blazing all night, camping near it, wrapped in their blankets until daylight came. Then digging commenced, both Ned and Dick working hard with pickax and shovel.

A shaft had to be sunk, and when it was got to a depth of about five feet, Ned came out of the hole, Dick sending up the dirt to him in a bucket. At present there was nothing for the Unknown to do, and he was looking on at the operations and thoroughly enjoying himself as he did so.

Gold is usually found in Alaska at a depth of from twenty to twenty-five feet when the black sand is

reached, and to get down there meant considerable work.

"You take Dick's place, Zed," cried Ned, much to the dismay of the Unknown. "He needs a rest. You've had yours."

They were glad to get the Unknown out of the shaft again, though, for progress with him was remarkably slow, and Dick soon went down again.

On the second day from the time digging commenced the sand was reached, and now the Unknown began to take more interest in the proceedings; so did Edith, and she was ready to assist in washing the gold. Not that Edith had been idle hitherto, for she had been kept busily engaged all the while in preparing meals for the party.

The Unknown carried pails of water from the stream with which to wash the dirt, and Ned poured the first bucket of black sand into the rocker, and watched it anxiously as the Unknown emptied on top of it the contents of the pail.

"Color!" cried the Unknown, excitedly. "We've struck it first clip!"

"Shut up," said Ned; "there's not the slightest sign of gold. Don't take any notice of Zed, Dick. He doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Oh!" cried Edith, "if we should only have good luck!"

"I can bear it, Edith," laughed Ned. "Hello! What's this?" he added, stooping down and plunging his hand into the deposit in the rocker. "Gold, as sure as I live!"

"Two ounces, anyway," said Edith.

"Up with the dirt, Dick!" shouted Ned. "I believe we've struck it this time. Zed, Zed, fetch some more water. Why do you keep us waiting?"

But no Zed answered, and the Unknown was nowhere to be seen, so Ned had to go after the water.

"The real thing!" he cried, a few minutes later, as the washing showed half a dozen good sized nuggets. "Zed, Zed, where are you? Come and have a look! You won't often see anything like this!"

"Hello!" cried a voice, and looking up to a bluff they saw the Unknown standing by some hemlock trees, waving his hands excitedly, and beckoning them towards him. Thinking something serious may have happened, Ned called to Dick to come up out of the shaft, and he, Dick and Edith rushed off to where the detective stood.

"What the mischief are you making all this row about?" demanded Ned, impatiently. "Why don't you go down and see what we've struck?"

"Because, dear boy," answered the Unknown, "I've found something that interests me more. Look out on the water, Ned, right over there."

"The missing yacht!" cried Ned, staring in the direction indicated.

"By the Jumping Jeremiah! that's what it is!" exclaimed the Unknown. "Ye gods and little fishes! there will be some trouble with Mr. Man now!"

## CHAPTER V.

## A SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN.

"THIS means a heap of trouble," said Ned. "It's unfortunate that he should have showed up just as we found the gold."

"Unfortunate!" cried the Unknown. "That's where I differ from you, dear boy. I was in hopes that Mr. Man and his yacht had gone to the bottom in the storm, but now I know that they haven't, I'm very glad to fall in with them again. I want to catch him. I have been working for this for years."

"More likely he'll catch us," exclaimed Dick. "From the look of the deck of the yacht, I should say that Mr. Man and his gang are at least two to one, perhaps more."

"It will mean a hot fight in which our coffin ship may be sunk," said Ned. "How are we to chase your man then?"

"By the Jumping Jeremiah!" cried the Unknown, "I never thought of that. We must keep out of sight. It's just possible they won't see our ship."

So, wishing to avoid Mr. Man and his gang, Ned and the others kept in the shelter of the trees, watching the movements of the yacht with great interest. From where the yacht was no one on board could possibly see the ship, for a high bluff lay between the two vessels. To Ned's great relief the yacht steered her course northward, and very soon she had left the bluff far behind.

"Hooray! they've gone!" cried Dick. "Now we can work the mine."

"Gone!" echoed the Unknown, with a very long face. "Yes, that's what they have done, and the question is when shall I see them again."

"You won't mend matters by standing here groaning and moaning," said Ned. "We've made a great strike, Zed. Great, I tell you, and unless I'm very much mistaken we shall be at least one hundred thousand dollars richer before we leave this island."

They now went back to their mining, the Unknown assisting them at the work, but it was noticed that he displayed little or no interest in the operations, carrying water for washing purposes as fast as it was wanted, but scarcely taking any account of the gold that was found in the rocker.

Ned went on with his work with his usual enthusiasm, and so also did Dick and Edith. They said nothing to the Unknown on the subject of his lack of interest in the proceedings.

"He's thinking about that man," said Ned to Dick and Edith. "It's best to take no notice of him, and in a day or so he'll be all right again."

By night eight thousand dollars' worth of gold was obtained, and a short rest only was taken, Ned being anxious to finish mining operations as quickly as possible, thinking it likely that Mr. Man and his gang might return.

The second day even greater luck was met with, over ten thousand dollars' worth of gold being found,

and so it went on from day to day for more than a week, until when they totaled up their find they estimated they had not less than one hundred and six thousand dollars in gold.

During the last three days the Unknown had neglected his work. Many hours at a time he disappeared, but as night came on he always returned, making various excuses for his absence. One night he stayed away altogether, and when morning came he had not returned to the camp.

All that day Ned, Edith and Dick worked at their claim, for the sand was still panning out well, thinking little of the detective's absence, because they were accustomed to his mysterious disappearances from time to time. But when the next day came and no Unknown arrived they did not feel quite so comfortable.

"Of course," said Ned, "there's no doubt where he is. He has gone off into the interior of the island searching for Mr. Man. He seems determined to keep on the fellow's trail."

"What can the Unknown do against such a gang as that?" asked Dick.

"He's probably located their camp," said Edith, "and is waiting his chance to find Mr. Man alone so as to capture him. That's my opinion."

"And a very likely one, too, Edith," said Ned. "Well, we won't waste time in talking about it any more. Let us see what the next twenty-four hours brings forth."

At the end of the time specified by Young Klondike the position of affairs was exactly the same.

"Say," cried Ned, "this is getting serious; we ought to do something."

"What?" inquired Edith.

"I think we ought to look for the Unknown without losing any more time. What do you say, Dick?"

"Let us start at once, Ned," said Dick. "The Unknown may be in great peril. It's our duty to try and help him."

"Yes, yes!" cried Edith; "it must be done!"

"How about the gold?" asked Dick. "We can't leave it here."

"No. Our best plan," said Ned, "is to put it on board of the ship. No doubt it will be safe there."

"But will the ship be safe?" cried Dick. "We haven't repaired it yet, and that's really why we ran it ashore, Ned."

"We'll overhaul it right away. I don't say we'll wait to do the repairs, but at any rate, we can see what is required."

The hull of the ship was now high out of the water, some parts of it being on the beach, so an inspection of the vessel was an easy matter. The examination showed that there was nothing the matter with the timbers, with the exception of the hole that had been covered with tarpaulin, and they decided that this damage could be made good in a very short time.

"When we come back we can do that," said Ned. "Now to move the gold."

The whole of the treasure was taken from the camp

to the vessel, packed in some strong chests which had been found on the ship, and these chests were stowed away in the after cabin.

"Supposing anybody should visit this ship in our absence," said Ned, "I don't think it's at all likely the chests would be seen."

In starting on this expedition to search for the Unknown they took with them their heavy mission blankets. The nights were very cold, and it was impossible to say how long they might be away. They also had their rifles and plenty of ammunition to defend themselves in case of necessity.

The island was very hilly, and as the hills were covered with rocks it may be imagined that walking was a toilsome business, but Ned and his friends were used to hardships and their powers of endurance proved equal to the task before them.

Till dark they traveled on and when night came they camped amongst the rocks that hung over a deep valley, looking as if they were about to fall down into the ravine. Wrapping themselves in their blankets they got through the night without suffering from the cold.

"The island is much bigger than I thought," said Dick. "I certainly expected to get a view of the sea before this."

"It may take us a week to cross it," said Edith.

"Week or month," cried Ned, "now I've started I stick to the business to the end."

"How would it be if we were to shout to the Unknown as we went along?" suggested Dick. "If he heard us he would reply."

"Yes, that's so, but Mr. Man might hear us, too, and we don't want that."

"Help, help!"

At this instant a piercing cry fell on their ears, and Ned and his two companions leaped to their feet and looked at each other in speechless amazement.

"Help, help!" came the cry again.

"That's the Unknown's voice!" cried Ned, recovering from the state of complete surprise into which he had been thrown. "I'm sure of it!"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Dick, excitedly, "there's not the shadow of a doubt of it!"

"Perhaps he's being killed!" cried Edith, anxiously. "Ned, Dick, let us fly to the rescue."

"This way!" shouted Ned, grasping his rifle. "It's from here the sounds came!"

Led by Young Klondike, the others ran after him, skirting the edge of the bluff until they came to a cluster of hemlock trees. Getting beyond this, down in the valley below, a strange scene met their eyes.

Two men were on the ground together, locked in each other's arms, evidently engaged in a life and death struggle.

"The Unknown!" cried Ned, aghast at what he saw.

"Mr. Man!" shouted Dick, referring to the detective's antagonist.

"Yes! yes!" cried Edith. "That's the man whose face we saw at the window of the hotel at Jnneau."

"Zed's holding his own!" exclaimed Dick. "See, he's keeping the other man off."

"If he wasn't I don't see how we can help him. It would take a long time to get from here down to where they are," said Ned.

"We'd better have our rifles ready," cried Edith, "so that we can fire directly we get the chance. We dare not do so now, for fear of hitting Zed."

Edith was a very fine shot, having hunted extensively in California before he sailed for the Klondike. It was certain that she would fire to good effect if the opportunity was given her to do so.

Ned and Dick were furious, because they could not get to the Unknown's assistance.

"I think we had better get as far down as we can, though," said Ned. "Let us try."

With great caution they made their way down the steep descent, requiring to use their utmost skill to prevent themselves from falling. From time to time they stopped to see how the Unknown was faring, and the last time they did so, they were aghast at what they saw.

"Look! look!" cried Edith, grasping Ned's arm.

"Zed's a dead man!" exclaimed Dick.

"I shall risk a shot!" cried Edith, "if I get half a chance."

The Unknown's position was truly desperate now. The course of the struggle had brought him underneath, and he lay stretched out at full length on his back. One of his hands grasped his opponent's wrists, striving to prevent the enemy from using the long-bladed knife which he held in his hand. It was clear that if the man freed himself, he would have little difficulty in plunging the weapon into the body of the Unknown.

Edith rested the barrel of her rifle on a rock, and knelt behind it. Suddenly, she fired.

"Hooray!" shouted Dick. "You have hit him, Edith. You saved the Unknown!"

As a matter of fact Edith's bullet had not struck Mr. Man, yet it had saved the detective's life, for his adversary was so surprised by the shot which was entirely unexpected, that his knife had fallen from his hand, and he himself had sprang back from the Unknown.

"Shoot! Shoot!" cried the Unknown, springing to his feet.

Before Edith or either of the others could fire again, Mr. Man was hidden by the rocks behind which he had glided.

"Mac! Mac!" he shouted, his voice getting fainter as he spoke, "I shall have you yet, Mac!"

The Unknown, instead of being delighted at his escape, seemed furious at the disappearance of his enemy. He rushed across to where his plug hat was lying—it had fallen off in the struggle—and clapped it on his head. Then he turned towards Ned and his friends.

"I'll have him this time!" he shouted, savagely. "Follow me, Ned. By the Jumping Jeremiah, he shan't get away now!"

And then, to Ned's utter surprise, he sprang behind the rocks on Mr. Man's trail and disappeared.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DISCOVERY OF MR. MAN'S YACHT.

"We must follow!" cried Dick.

"Follow, yes," said Ned. "But I think the Unknown is crazy. Why, after getting out of such a scrape, what can he mean by rushing away without waiting for us?"

"It shows how determined he is to capture that man," observed Edith. "Zed must hate him intensely."

Naturally all three lost no time in going down the rocks towards the valley which had been the scene of the recent fight, but when they got there they could hear nothing of the detective or Mr. Man.

"They're far away by this time!" cried Ned.

"This is the place!" shouted Dick. "We shall get on the trail."

"We'll try, anyway; keep your eyes and ears open, Dick," said Ned. "Mr. Man's gang are not likely to be far away."

Advancing with the utmost caution, Ned and his friends listened attentively, hoping that they might hear something of the Unknown. But not a sound came to their ears to give them the faintest clew, and after tramping three or four miles they became completely disheartened.

"We're beaten this time," said Ned, coming to a halt. "And to make matters worse it's getting dark, so that we can't proceed."

"I propose that we keep on the watch all night," said Dick.

"Oh, we're in no danger of an attack!" cried Ned. "It's the Unknown they're after."

"Very likely, but," urged Dick, "we may see a camp fire during the night, and so be able to track Mr. Man and his gang."

"They won't be foolish enough to light one," said Ned, and the result proved he was right.

No light of any kind showed during the darkness, and when morning came not a human being was visible. The ocean could not be seen, either, and before them lay nothing but a succession of hills and valleys covered with snow.

Dick threw off his blanket first, being less reluctant to do so on account of the sun which was now shining brightly, throwing out much warmth.

"I suppose forward, is still the motto," said Dick.

"Guess not," answered Ned. "During the night, Dick, I gave the matter much thought, and determined on a certain line of action in case the ocean was not in sight when we woke up. Now, we can't see it, and as we've traveled a long way it's certain that the island is of considerable size."

"Not a doubt of it."

"That's the point. You see, Dick, we may tramp these hills for weeks searching for the Unknown without finding him."

"Poor Zed!" murmured Edith. "I'm prepared to wander for weeks if there's any chance of helping him."

"And so am I, Edith," answered Ned, "and Dick, too, of course."

"You bet I am," said Dick, earnestly.

"There's no doubt on that point," said Ned. "And in what I propose I think I'm acting for the Unknown's best interests. Let us get back to the ship right away!"

"And leave the Unknown?" cried Edith, in dismay.

"No, hunt for him. Mr. Man has a yacht. That yacht, of course, is anchored somewhere near the shore. We can sail round the island in our ship and find it."

"Good! I like that plan," said Dick. "There's some method in it."

"I hope Edith thinks so," said Young Klondike, turning to her.

"Oh, yes, Ned!" cried Edith; "I believe your plan is a good one, and I can't improve on it."

"Then we'll start back right away."

During the return journey Ned and the others acted cautiously, because they thought it was just possible that the Unknown had tried to get to the ship, and might have been followed by some of the gang. But they saw nothing of the enemy, and when they reached the ship it did not appear to have been disturbed.

Ned went aboard instantly, and ascertained that the gold had not been touched, and this took a certain weight off his mind.

"Now for the repairs!" he cried.

"That's soon done!" exclaimed Dick. "There's only that one hole to be covered up."

"But, Dick," said Edith, "you surely don't suppose we can go off on a cruise with the masts in this state, do you?"

"If he does," laughed Ned, "he'll soon find out his mistake."

"Right you are, Edith!" cried Dick. "You really know more about it than I do."

Whilst Dick went to work to close up the leak that had let a stream of water into the hold, Ned was busily engaged in rigging up masts and sails for the vessel, and in this work he was assisted by Edith.

Dick soon came running over to take a hand at the work.

"I've closed that hole up, Ned," he cried, "and a nice job it was to do it, let me tell you. This is a coffin ship with a vengeance. The timbers are all rotten, and crumble away in your hands."

Here it is as well perhaps to say a few words about coffin ships, for it is possible that some of our readers may not entirely understand the term.

When the discovery of gold in the Klondike was

made, naturally a great rush to the Pacific Coast took place, and ships were greatly in demand to convey the gold seekers to Alaska.

This put into the heads of certain shrewd but unscrupulous speculators a scheme by which money could be made. They purchased worn out vessels, only fit for breaking up, had them hastily repaired and painted so that their defects might be hidden, and then used them for the conveyance of passengers to the Klondike.

On a vessel of this type, a real coffin ship, in fact, Ned and his two companions were about to start on a voyage around the island in search of the Unknown.

"There," said Ned, at length, surveying the result of his labors, "I don't think we have done so badly. We can hoist sails fore and aft now, and it's my belief that these masts we've fixed up will stand a good deal of knocking about."

"The sooner we start, the better!" cried Dick.

"Yes, but how are we going to start?" asked Edith.

"That's a simple matter!" exclaimed Ned. "Up with the sails and away."

"Ned, how are we going to get the ship off the beach," said Edith. "That's what I meant."

"By gracious!" cried Ned. "That's a conundrum, Edith. I'm completely puzzled!"

Ned walked up and down the deck to consider the problem, Dick leaning over the bow at the same time to take note of how much water was around the vessel.

"We must haul it off?" cried Dick, as the result of his cogitation.

"How?" asked Ned.

"You and I must get into a boat, Ned; we'll have a hawser made fast to the stern, and we'll tow the ship off the sand."

"Impossible! it can't be done!" cried Ned.

"It's all very well to say impossible," growled Dick, "but how do you know till you try?"

"You'd better try, Ned," said Edith. "There's nothing like a practical test."

"Why, I'm ready to try the plan this very minute!" exclaimed Ned, good-temperedly. "I'll jump into the boat right away. Pitch me the hawser, Dick," he cried a few moments later from the boat. "Is the end made fast to the stern?"

"Yes."

"Then jump in. Your plan shall have a trial at once."

Dick and Ned exerted their utmost strength to no purpose, and Dick himself was the first to confess that the plan he had suggested was a complete failure.

"What time is it high tide?" asked Ned.

"I should think about noon," answered Edith.

"Then we may succeed in a scheme that's just come into my head. You see those hemlock trees just over there, Dick?"

"I'm not blind."

"Well, I have an idea that if we make fast the bow

of the ship to those trees by a hawser, taking care to have no slack rope, the incoming tide will warp the ship off. Anyway, it's our only chance, and if that fails we may as well abandon the idea of getting away."

"It's a poor show we have, I'm thinking," said Dick.

"And I'm not building much upon it, either. We'll take the hawser ashore at once. It seems a good taut one, as sailors say, and ought to hold. The strain on it will be terrific, Dick."

The hawser, made fast to the bow of the ship, was wound around two strongly grown trees, and as the tide ran in, and the ship began to move, a strain was kept upon the hawser.

"Hooray!" cried Dick. "She's almost afloat!"

"She will be in a minute," exclaimed Ned, delighted at the success of his plan. "Yes, she's afloat, Dick, riding nicely on the waves."

"She'll be washed ashore again."

"I think not; the water will carry her right away from the bluff. You can slacken off now. I'm going aboard, and you must come, too."

Both ran down to the beach and got aboard the ship where Edith already was.

"Stand by the wheel, Edith!" cried Ned. "Dick and I will hoist the sails, and we haven't a moment to lose, either. If we can't get some way on her in a minute or so, she'll be washed on the rocks."

This danger was very apparent, for the ship was being carried, broadside on, towards the bluff.

Ned and Dick had the sail on the foremast up in a few moments, and to their delight they saw that it began to fill.

"She's moving!" cried Dick. "Round with the helm, Edith! Quick!"

But Edith had not waited for instructions. She had had enough experience of the sea by this time to be tolerably expert at steering a vessel, and she brought the coffin ship quickly away from shore, heading for the open sea. Dick and Ned took things more easily now, for they saw that the foresail alone was enough to keep up sufficient way on the ship to save it from the rocks. When the sail on the mizzenmast had been run up, Ned took the wheel, and with a good breeze blowing they ran along nicely.

During the night they kept well away from land, knowing nothing of the coast, and therefore preferring to be on the safe side, and when morning dawned they found themselves many miles away from the island which was only dimly visible in the distance.

Ned at once put the helm down and back they sailed, resolving that during the day, at all events, they would keep within easy reach of the shore. Edith looked after the cooking, and Ned and Dick did not fare badly, though they were unable to leave the deck. However, the weather was fine, and the work they had to do kept them warm.

"Now, we can see ashore," cried Ned. "We're not above half a mile from land."

"The water's deep here, Ned," said Edith, looking

over the ship's side. "You can safely get much nearer than you are now, so that we can see better what's going on on shore."

"We must keep a good lookout!" cried Dick, "for I'm thinking Mr. Man isn't far away."

"If Zed should see us from land," said Ned, "he'll signal us, so watch for the waving of his handkerchief."

"More likely his plug hat," laughed Dick.

"Ah! that old plug hat," cried Edith. "How glad I should be to see it again."

"Not more glad than I'd be, Edith," said Ned, earnestly. "Hello! there's a man now!"

"Where? where?" shouted Dick, excitedly.

"Right across behind those rocks.

"It must be the Unknown!" exclaimed Dick.

"I can see him!" cried Edith. "He's not a bit like Zed. He's running along the beach now as hard as ever he can go."

"Yes, and he turns his head every now and then," said Ned, "to look at us. What does it mean, I wonder?"

A moment later they saw the man climb up a headland, and when he reached the highest point he began to wave his arms, and his voice came faintly to their ears.

"He's signaling to some one!" cried Ned. "We'll keep right on and see what it means. We can't go any faster than we're going, and if this wind holds we'll soon know what's happening ashore."

A few minutes after Ned spoke the ship rounded the headland, and then they saw, directly in front of them, Mr. Man's yacht.

"They're raising the anchor!" cried Dick. "I can see the men at the windlass."

"Great Heavens!" shouted Ned, thoroughly astounded at what he saw; "there's the Unknown on the deck. Look! He's standing near the gangway waving his hands to us."

*L. Edwin Wright*

*Russell W. Ark*

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE COFFIN SHIP ON FIRE.

"We cannot save him!" cried Dick. "It's quite impossible."

"I mean to have a good try," said Ned. "We must do all in our power to prevent the Unknown from being carried away by those men, for he's in desperate hands."

"They will kill him!" gasped Edith.

"Yes, that's what I fear, Edith," answered Ned. "We will attack them, though. They shall not escape! I'm afraid they're too strong for us," said Dick.

"But they're not all aboard the yacht now," replied Ned. "That man we saw running along the shore just now is still on land, and perhaps some more of the crew as well."

"There's a boat full," cried Edith. "They're just putting off from the beach."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Ned. "That gives us a better chance. We must reach the yacht before the boat gets there. See! Zed's still waving to us, and they don't seem to be interfering with him at all."

"That's because they know he's safe in their hands," said Dick, gloomily.

"You're a regular Job's comforter," said Edith. "If you can't say anything cheerful I wish you'd hold your tongue."

"I can't help saying what I think, Edith," retorted Dick, "but that won't prevent me from doing as much for Zed as anyone else."

"It's my turn to say something unpleasant now, Edith," said Ned. "The wind's beginning to drop and that settles us. The sails are flapping already."

By this time the boat was half way out to the yacht. The anchor was raised and Mr. Man's craft was ready to sail as soon as she had her crew on board. They could see Mr. Man standing near the gangway, beckoning to his men, no doubt urging them to row fast, and by their actions they showed that they were following his advice.

"It's very strange," said Edith, "that we seem to be moving faster than ever, although the wind has dropped. How do you account for that, Ned?"

"It's the current carrying us," cried Ned. "It sweeps round this headland and we're feeling the full force of it. If it only lasts we may save the Unknown yet."

"The boat will be there before us," said Dick.

"That's sure," assented Edith, sadly.

"I don't give up the fight," cried Ned, "although they're more than two to one."

"But we can't board them," exclaimed Dick.

"No," answered Ned, "but we can sink them. I'll dash right into them if they give me a chance, and it's the yacht will get the worst of it, not the coffin ship, let me tell you."

Ned's bold plan met with the instant approval of his two companions, who were ready to risk everything in their determination to save the Unknown. Ned stood at the wheel steering the ship directly for the yacht, whilst Dick looked after the sails which had now filled again, having caught the breeze.

"We may both go down," said Ned. "But we have our boat and we are near land, so we can pick up the Unknown and row away with him."

"He'll spring overboard when he sees that there must be a collision," Dick replied.

The men in the boat would be at the yacht's side in a few minutes, and their commander was urging them on.

"We can stop them yet!" cried Dick.

"How?"

"By shooting them," answered Dick. "You, I and Edith could empty that boat with our rifles at such a distance as this. About two shots apiece would do the business, I'm thinking."

"Have you stopped to think what would happen if we did?" asked Edith.

"Why, what would happen?"

"The deaths of those men, Dick, would seal the Unknown's fate. They would kill him instantly for the sake of revenge."

"Edith's right," said Ned. "Not a shot must be fired, at least at present. Later on we may have the opportunity to use our rifles to good effect."

The men were on board the yacht now, and slowly it began to move.

"The game's up!" cried Dick, despondently. "Mr. Man has steam, and we have only sails, so we have no show."

"Stop a bit! You're talking too fast, Dick," said Ned. "Steam's not up on the yacht, and it will be some time before the fires are blazing. We're sailing faster than they are, and I hope we shall keep on going so for about fifteen minutes. If we do, I think Mr. Man's yacht is as good as gone."

This argument put heart into Dick and Edith, who saw the force of it, and they were beginning to look upon the Unknown as saved, when one of those fogs that arise so frequently in Alaskan seas began to make its appearance. Every minute the atmosphere grew thicker, until at last the yacht was scarcely visible. As the fog came on, they had seen the Unknown sit down in a despondent attitude, because he realized that this was destroying his chances of escape. Ned waved his hand to the detective to let him know that his friends would not abandon him, and then a dense fog hid the yacht and those aboard it entirely from view.

"I shall keep her going!" cried Ned, despairingly. "I'll take my chances, anyhow."

"Of running down the yacht?" asked Dick.

"Yes."

"More likely you'll run us ashore, Ned."

"It's a frightful risk, I know, yet what is to be done? Tell me that."

"Mac's all right. Ain't you, Mac?" came a voice from across the water. "I'll take care of Mac. Ha, ha, ha!"

"That man's laugh makes me shudder!" cried Edith, grasping Ned's arm. "Poor Zed! what will become of him now?"

"Edith," said Ned, "for the present we can do no more. We must trust to Providence. Whatever happens we may satisfy our consciences with the knowledge that we have not left a stone unturned in our efforts to save the Unknown. To sail any further is out of the question, for, as Dick said, we're likely as not to run on the rocks and lose our ship. Our only safety lies in remaining where we are. We must drop anchor at once."

This course was adopted as being the only possible one under the circumstances, and with much labor the anchor was dropped, and they had the satisfaction of finding that the anchorage was good, for the anchor held.

"Here we stay until the fog lifts," said Ned, "and

we're not in much danger. None, in fact, unless a storm should come on, and I don't think that likely."

"Our danger comes from the yacht," said Dick.

"From the yacht!" cried Edith. "Oh, no, Dick! They're far enough away by this time."

"You bet they're not, Edith," replied Dick. "They're in the same hole as we are, and of course they've come to an anchor right away."

"If they have it doesn't make much difference," said Edith.

"And why not?"

"Because if they set off in boats to hunt for us," Edith answered, "they'd never find us in such a dense fog as this."

"We'll take care not to help them in their search, anyway," said Ned. "That is, we won't show a light. But I don't think we need worry about those men. As I said before it's Zed they're after, not us. They have Zed, so I depend upon it they're quite satisfied."

"I'm glad you think that," said Dick. "Because I see a chance of having a night's rest, and I tell you I'm so dead tired I shall sleep my head off. You don't see any objection to my turning in, do you?"

"Not the slightest. Go and sleep, Dick, I'll look after the ship till you come back. It's mighty lucky I don't happen to be tired, too."

Edith had already retired to her cabin, and Dick wasted no time in seeking his, and once there he threw himself down just as he was, and in a minute was fast asleep.

Now it so happened that Ned was also feeling tired, which is not a wonderful thing, considering the tremendous exertions he had undergone during the past two days. He had refrained from admitting this, because he did not wish to interfere with Dick's desire for rest.

As soon as he was alone on the ship he began to walk up and down the deck, not for the sake of exercise, as is the custom with sailors, but for the purpose of keeping himself awake, and after having done so for an hour, he found that his sleepy feeling had passed away.

"I'm not sleepy," said Ned, "not in the least now, but I'm feeling tired. I'll sit down on that coil of rope, but before doing so I'll have a look round to see that everything is right."

Ned went to the bow of the vessel first. There he satisfied himself that the anchor still held securely, and he saw that the sail on the foremast was furled snugly.

The boat no longer let in the water, the repairs made by Dick having proved effectual.

A visit aft convinced him that all aboard was what sailors call "shipshape," and so, quite contented, he threw himself down on the coil of rope, resolved to sit there during the night and keep a close watch.

"I shall hear the sound of oars if any come over the water," he said to himself. "There's no way in which that sound could be muffled, and they dare not steam up here, for that noise would be even louder."

Scarcely had Ned settled himself down on the heap

of rope, with the comforting assurance that there was no fear of his slumbering, than he was faster asleep, if it was possible, on the deck of the coffin ship than Dick was in the cabin.

It was impossible for him to tell how long he had slept, but when he awoke he had a strange sense of numbness all over him.

"Serves me right," muttered Ned. "First for going to sleep, which I had no business to do, and secondly for not taking the trouble to wrap myself in my blanket. I deserved to be frozen to death. By gracious!" he exclaimed, "I believe I am, for I can't move any of my limbs. I seem to have no feeling in them. I'll just rub my legs, anyway, and put some life into them."

Ned tried to reach his ankles with his hand, but he found he could not do so.

"Great Heavens!" he cried, in startled tones. "I'm not frozen. I'm tied with ropes."

Just as he made this astonishing discovery he turned his head towards the bow of the ship, and as he did so, he saw a great sheet of flame shoot out of the fore-castle cabin.

"The ship's on fire!" he shouted in frantic tones, "and I'm lying here helpless. Dick! Dick!"

No answer came to his cries, and meanwhile the mass of flames grew greater.

"Edith! Edith!" shouted Ned, hoping that Edith might be awake, but he found that he could get no response from her. "Oh, why don't they come!" groaned Ned. "We shall all be burned alive."

He shouted to Edith and Dick until he was almost out of breath, and then finding that neither of them came, he saw that his only hope lay in freeing himself from his bonds, and he realized that his chances of doing so were extremely slim.

His hands were bound to his sides, the cords being wound so tight that they almost cut into the flesh, and his legs were secured by a rope which was passed around his ankles.

"If I could only free my hand," muttered Ned, "I could reach my knife, and the rest would be easy enough."

The ropes tore the skin off his wrists as he struggled to free himself, and then he found that his efforts were all in vain, and he was just ready to give up in despair, when, suddenly, the cord snapped.

"Rotten like everything else on this craft," he cried, joyfully. "That's one advantage of being in a coffin ship."

Instantly he reached for his knife and severed the rope that held his legs together without a moment's delay, and he tried to stand on deck, but he fell down heavily, for his limbs were numbed. At once he began to rub them with his hands, and the friction warming them, he was able to be on his feet in a few minutes.

"Dick! Dick!" he shouted, running towards the fire, but before he had gone further than amidships he halted, recollecting that he had not been able to make Dick hear.

"I'll rush down and wake him up!" he cried, "for I'll surely want his help in saving the ship."

Then when he reached the companion he stopped, for he found that the door was firmly secured.

"Some more of Mr. Man's work!" he exclaimed, angrily. "When he paid us a visit to-night he didn't do things by halves. Dick! Dick!" cried Ned, kicking at the door with all his strength, "wake up! if you want to save your life!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A SERIES OF STARTLING DISCOVERIES ON THE SHIP.

DICK was aroused by this time, and of course he was alarmed by Ned's words, still more so when he found that he was locked in, and that both he and Edith were virtually prisoners.

"You must break the door down," cried Ned. "See if you can't find an ax in the cabin."

Having said this Ned rushed on deck again, flying to the bow, and there he seized a capstan bar which seemed to him a very effectual weapon with which to demolish the cabin door, and back he ran with it.

"Stand aside, Dick!" he shouted. "I'll do the business now!"

Instantly Ned attacked the door with such fury, using the heavy capstan bar for the purpose, that the wood flew in splinters and fragments in all directions, and a great hole in the doorway appeared, through which he saw Dick and Edith both standing with very white faces amazed at what was going on.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick, as he made his way through the hole in the door.

"The ship's on fire!"

"What! How could that happen?"

"My fault!" cried Ned, "I went to sleep and Mr. Man paid us a visit. But we've no time for talking, we must work with all our might if we want to save the vessel."

The flames by this time had obtained quite a hold on the fore-castle, and Dick and Edith were thoroughly alarmed when they saw what confronted them.

"Here are some buckets!" cried Edith. "Let us use them at once."

Quickly Ned and Dick fastened ropes on to the buckets to lower them into the sea.

"Can you carry a bucket?" asked Ned of Edith.

"Of course," answered Edith, "haven't I often done so when we've been washing gold?"

"Very well; Dick shall haul the water up and you and I will carry it to the fore-castle and fight the flames."

They went to work at once, dashing bucket after bucket of water on to the fire, and for a time it seemed as if this had no effect. But Ned noticed that at any rate, the flames did not spread, and he was hopeful that by keeping at it, they would soon diminish.

This actually happened, and soon only smoke re-

mained to show that there had been a fire in the fore-castle.

"By gracious!" cried Ned, wiping his face which was wet and grimy, "that was a narrow escape, and no mistake. When I woke up, and found the ship on fire and myself tied up I thought it was all over."

"They tied you up, Ned?" cried Edith.

"That's just what they did, Edith. Those men meant business."

"Guess it will be a surprise to them when the fog clears off," said Dick. "They'll wonder how we saved ourselves, won't they?"

"Tell you what we'll do," said Ned. "We'll be ready to sail the instant it's the least bit clear. The yacht can't be far off, and we shall be able to surprise it before there's time for it to steam away."

"Do you notice how low we are in the water?" asked Edith.

"Can't say I do, Edith," laughed Ned. "My eyes weren't made to penetrate this fog, and I can't see the water from the deck."

"But it's washing up against the bows, Ned," said Edith.

"Why, that's true!" cried Ned. "Mighty strange. What's the matter, I wonder?"

"The fire must have burned through somewhere," suggested Dick, "letting the water in."

"That can soon be seen," answered Ned. "The fire was confined to the fore-castle. I'll have a look. It's smoking badly, but I guess it won't choke me the short time I'll be in there."

Ned groped his way in amid the smoke, Dick and Edith waiting anxiously for his report, standing at the door.

"I can't see!" cried Ned, from inside the cabin, "but that makes no difference, for I can feel. Everything's as dry as a bone. There's not a drop of water in her."

"The ship's sinking anyway!" exclaimed Edith. "I'm sure of it. Why, we can see the water now. Look, Ned, it's rising steadily!"

"Great Heaven!" cried Ned, a light breaking in on him at once. "It's the old leak. Mr. Man must have torn away the plank we nailed over the hole. That's where the water is rushing in. Unless we can stop the leak at once the ship's a goner, and then goodbye to our gold."

"Lower me over the side!" cried Dick. "I'll do the business quickly."

"Get the tools, Edith. Fly! there's a good girl!" shouted Ned, frantically. "While you're gone I'll lower Dick down."

Edith rushed towards the cabin where the tools and stores were kept, but when she reached the main hatchway she stopped suddenly, and after waiting a moment, and giving a faint cry, she darted back to the two boys, her face exhibiting the utmost alarm.

"What's the matter now?" cried Ned, laughing slightly at the terror she showed, and for which he imagined there was no reason. "Seen a ghost, Edith?"

"There's some one in the hold, Ned."

"In the hold of the ship?"

"Yes, Ned."

"Can't be. You must be dreaming, Edith. It's not likely Mr. Man would make elaborate arrangements for burning and sinking the ship, and then retire below, so that he might go down with it."

"If you don't believe me," said Edith, indignantly, "come with me and listen."

Impressed by her manner, Dick and Ned followed her until she stopped once more at the main hatchway, and instantly their faces took on the same expression that hers had worn a few minutes before. From the hold of the ship were coming the most fearful groans imaginable, as if some one down there was in the greatest pain and distress.

"There is some one down there after all!" cried Ned, recovering from his surprise.

"What a night we're having," exclaimed Dick. "It's not at all exciting, I don't think."

"We'll have that hatch off!" shouted Ned, stooping down to force it open. "Ha! as I expected. Mr. Man has fastened it."

Once more the capstan bar was brought into play, and had smashed the hatch into fragments, and when it was removed, on looking down a faint light was observed to be shining below.

"More wonderful than ever!" cried Ned. "Sailors would say the ship was haunted."

"We must go below," said Dick.

"Yes, but not until we have our guns," answered Ned. "I tell you I don't quite like the look of things. We may have a warm reception."

When they were armed Ned took the lead in descending into the hold, having no difficulty in doing so, for the ladder was still there. As soon as he reached the keel of the vessel he found himself up to his ankles in water, so it was clear that once more the ship was leaking badly. The groans still continued, and occasionally something like a word was uttered, but very indistinctly.

"Careful now," whispered Ned to Dick and Edith, who were immediately behind him. "I don't like the look of things."

"I can see the lantern now," said Dick. "Look! Look, Ned!" exclaimed Dick, aghast at what he saw. "There's the water pouring in a stream again."

A regular cascade was coming in from the hole in the ship's side, and the water was now half way up to their knees.

"This must be stopped!" cried Ned, excitedly, forgetting all his fears as to who might be concealed below, when he saw the danger that threatened them. "We must repair the leak first of all."

Dick and Edith followed him and then suddenly all three stopped short, absolutely astounded at what they saw.

Fastened to an upright beam which ran from the keel to the deck of the ship, standing upright, was the Unknown. Ropes had been passed around him

at the ankles and near his shoulders, and a cloth for the purpose of gagging him had been twisted across his mouth. This latter he had partially worked off, and hence he had been able to groan, but not to utter any intelligible sound.

Near him, with the light thrown on the jet of water that was streaming into the vessel, lay the lantern, so that the Unknown, whose eyes were not covered, had had the pleasure of witnessing the gradual sinking of the ship.

He was dressed as usual, big cavalry boots and plug hat, and fastened as he was, he made such a strange appearance that the two boys and Edith were almost compelled to laugh, notwithstanding the serious position in which they all were.

But Ned did not waste time in looking on.

Quick as a flash he ran to the Unknown and cut the bonds that held him to the post, and as he did this Dick removed the gag that was around the detective's mouth.

"Thanks, dear boy, thanks!" gasped the Unknown, as soon as he was free. "By the Jumping Jeremiah, I never felt more glad to see you!"

"But how did you come here?" cried Ned. "What brought you down here?"

"You may be dead sure I didn't come of my own free will. I was brought here by Mr. Man and his gang. I'll tell——"

"Sorry to interrupt you, Zed," cried Dick. "But we haven't any time for talking now. They say the Emperor Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. We'd better not imitate him by spinning yarns while our ship's sinking."

"Right you are, dear boy, quite right," exclaimed the Unknown. "This leak must be stopped instantly, or yours truly won't be able to keep on the trail of Mr. Man, which is what he intends doing, you may be very sure."

"Then you're not hurt, Zed," inquired Edith, as they were going back to the ladder.

"Never felt better in my life, Edith," said the Unknown. "A trifle stiff, perhaps, but that will soon pass away. Mr. Man treated me well enough; wanted to keep me alive, I suppose, so as to kill me slowly, as you see he tried to do."

By this time they had all reached the deck again, and as quickly as possible Ned lowered Dick down the side of the ship where he could reach the leak. Dick was half drowned in doing the work, but this gave him no uneasiness, for he knew that he was in no danger unless the rope that held him happened to snap.

"And can't I do anything?" asked the Unknown, who stood looking on. "I seem to be a dead letter all around."

"Don't see how you can," answered Ned.

"Ah! but I do!" cried the Unknown. "I'll get down below."

"What's to be done, there?"

"Mr. Man's gang pulled the oakum out of the seams in the ship's sides," said the Unknown.

"Dick's work won't stop the leak entirely unless the seams are calked again. Leave that to me, I'll attend to it."

When Dick had finished his part of the work, they called to the Unknown to ask him how he was getting on down below, and he replied that the job was almost completed. A few minutes later he came on deck to say that the amount of water that was now entering the vessel was so small that it was not worth talking about.

"That's all right," said the Unknown, cheerfully. "You don't know how glad I am to see you all again, you don't indeed."

"I can imagine you're happier here than you were on Mr. Man's yacht," laughed Ned. "You'd better have stayed with us. While you were wasting your time in a wild goose chase we were at work after the gold."

"And you got some?"

"Nearly one hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth, Zed!" cried Ned. "Just take a walk down to the cabin, if you don't believe me, and see for yourself. Come along, I'll show you the gold, packed away in some good, strong chests."

The whole party went below for the purpose, and no sooner had Ned entered the cabin than he uttered a cry of dismay.

"Look!" he gasped, pointing to several empty chests that lay before him.

"The gold's gone?" asked the Unknown.

"Stolen—every bit of it!"

"By the Jumping Jeremiah!" cried the Unknown, "that's some more of Mr. Man's work! Ye gods and little fishes! I wonder he didn't steal the ship, too!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LONG SAIL TO THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

"WE'VE been in hard luck lately and no mistake," said Dick. "First we lose our yacht, and now our gold. How did Mr. Man know we had any gold aboard? He never saw us working on the island."

"My fault, dear boy," answered the Unknown. "I proposed to ransom myself out of his hands, and when he asked where the money was to come from I told him there was no doubt you had plenty on the ship."

"I don't blame you, Zed," said Ned. "You were quite right to try to save your life."

"We'll have that gold back," cried the Unknown, "sure's my name's——"

"Mac—something!" exclaimed Ned. "Finish it, Zed. No half way business now."

"Sure as my name's—a mystery," laughed the Unknown.

"Pshaw!" cried Dick. "But what chance have we of recovering the gold?"

"We can capture Mr. Man's yacht."

"If we can find it, Zed. But don't forget the Pacific Ocean is rather large, and this coffin ship of ours is not the most rapid craft in the world. We might look for those men for years. Let's be philosophers."

"It's no good crying over spilt milk. The gold's clean gone. I propose we go right back to the island and get some more."

"But, dear boy," persisted the Unknown, "my object in leaving Juneau was to capture Mr. Man. I know where he is, and I mean to have him yet."

"You know where he is?" cried Ned.

"Certainly, Ned," said the detective. "If he has sailed away from here, and I reckon there's no doubt he has, he's gone to Varkoff."

"And where may that be?"

"Ned, it's one of the Aleutian Islands, about the nearest to the mainland of Asia, and if he isn't there he'll be found in Siberia."

"Your information seems remarkably exact, Zed," said Young Klondike. "I won't dispute it, but I don't quite understand how you found it out."

"I can explain that easily," answered the detective. "When those men fixed me up to that post in the hold, they looked upon me as being as good as dead, not imagining there was any chance of escape for me, so they talked quite openly before me about their plans."

"But now they know you're not dead!" cried Edith, "they may change them."

"How do they know it?" asked the Unknown. "You put the fire out, it is true, but in such a dense fog as we've had they couldn't have seen whether the ship was burning or not. Besides, it's my belief, that they sailed right away."

"Very well, I'm satisfied!" cried Ned. "We'll go right away to Varkoff."

"We're on the way there now, or somewhere else," cried Edith. "We're moving!"

"The ship's adrift!" exclaimed Dick. "It can't be!"

"The anchor must be dragging," said Ned.

"I've noticed it for some time," Edith added, "and couldn't quite understand it."

"But I do!" cried the Unknown, who had run to the bow of the ship. "As usual Mr. Man has had a hand in this. By the Jumping Jeremiah! the hawser's been cut!"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Ned, aghast at what he heard, "we may be near the rocks, for it's impossible to say how long we've been drifting."

"We must sail away!" cried Dick.

"Where?" asked Ned, impatiently. "Kindly tell me that. In this fog all roads are alike. How I wish the fog would lift. Hark! Can't you hear something, Zed?"

"We're goners!" cried the Unknown. "That's the noise of the waves beating on the rocks. It shows we're very near the shore. Let us lower the boat, Ned, at once and save ourselves."

"I don't see any need to do that," said Edith. "Those sounds tell us where the rocks are and we can keep away. Besides, there's not much fog now and it will soon be light."

"If we can stick to the ship we will," replied Ned. "But stand ready for the worst, so have the boat in good trim for lowering."

Ned took the wheel, but the ship had so little way on her, owing to the lack of wind, that she would not answer her helm, and so they continued to drift towards the rocks. But with the morning the breeze came, and all immediate danger was over.

Now they were able to see what a narrow escape they had had. Right in front of them great cliffs towered, rising precipitously from the sea, whose waters boiled furiously at the base of the rocks.

"It would have been certain death," said Ned, "if we had been dashed against those rocks. We couldn't have survived in such a whirlpool, for our little boat couldn't have kept afloat five minutes."

"In order to return thanks for our happy escape," said Dick, laughingly, "suppose we have something to eat. What do you say, Edith?"

"I'll want some coffee right away, that is if Mr. Man has left us any," replied Edith, as she hurried to the galley fire where she did her cooking.

Nothing could be seen of the yacht now, and as the day was clear, and many miles of water were visible, it was plain that Mr. Man must have gone away, as soon as he returned to his own craft, after setting fire to the coffin ship.

"It will be many days before we see anything of him," said Ned. "But we must keep a constant watch to guard against surprise. Will the ship hold together till we get to the island? That's the problem."

"Depends on the weather, dear boy," said the Unknown. "If a gale comes on our craft will go to Davy Jones, that's as sure as anything can be."

With such a ship, it was a daring undertaking to sail across the Gulf of Alaska almost on to the Asiatic Continent, but no one thought of that, Ned, Dick and Edith being as firmly bent on capturing Mr. Man as the Unknown had previously been.

They passed Fox Islands, and Andreanof Islands, both parts of the Aleutian group, and so far all was well. But when they reached Rat Islands, the sky became black, and there was every indication of the near approach of a furious storm. In a small cove, almost landlocked, they rode out the gale, which lasted two days, and twenty-four hours later in almost perfect calm they came in sight of the Island of Varkoff, and it was here that they expected to find Mr. Man's yacht.

Almost the whole extent of the island on the south was open to their view, and though they examined the coast line very carefully through a glass they had with them, there was no sign of the yacht.

"It doesn't follow it's not there," said Dick, "for it may be in some little bay, quite shut off from view."

"The only way to find out is to sail along, right close in."

"We must be ready to prevent their escape," said Ned.

"We will shoot them down!" cried Dick. "There's no reason why we should show them any mercy now, for we know what they are, they tried to murder all of us."

From east to west the coffin ship sailed, within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and if the yacht had been at anchor anywhere, she must have been seen.

"We must cross the Behring Sea now," said Ned.

"For what purpose?" asked the Unknown.

"You said they would be either at Varkoff or Siberia."

"But we haven't visited the northern part of this island yet," the detective observed. "How do we know they're not there?"

"We'll sail along and see to end the dispute. A few hours will decide that, Zed."

"My advice is to do nothing of the kind," said the Unknown. "Let us come to an anchor here, Ned—we have a spare anchor, fortunately—land in our boat, and do the search for the yacht on foot."

"That seems a better plan!" cried Dick.

"Very well," answered Ned; "we'll bring the ship right up where we are. This anchorage seems as good as any other."

The anchor held, and unless a gale should blow from the south the indications were that the ship would be perfectly safe at her moorings, and so no hesitation was felt in leaving her.

When they went ashore it wanted three hours to dark, and so it was hoped that the work of exploration might be accomplished during the day, in order that they might return to the ship for the night.

The island was little more than a barren rock, rising in some places to a considerable height, and its only inhabitants seemed to be ducks, which flew around in great numbers.

Edith was anxious to shoot some of them, and so was Dick, but Ned pointed out the danger that the report of their guns might be heard, and so they had to submit to their disappointment with the best grace possible.

Dick had gone on fully one hundred yards ahead of the party, when suddenly they saw him returning towards them at full speed, with an excited look on his face.

"There's a man down in the valley the other side of that bluff!" cried Dick, when he drew near.

"A man? Hurrah!" exclaimed Ned. "They must be one of the party."

"I think it's an Indian," said Dick.

"There are no Indians on this island," the Unknown said. "We've struck it, dear boy. This time it's Mr. Man who's to have a surprise. But let us go right ahead, and as quietly as possible. I'll tell at a glance who the man is."

As the Unknown spoke, a report of a rifle shot came to their ears, and this more than ever convinced them

that it was not an Eskimo or an Indian who had been seen by Dick. Of course, it did not follow that it was one of Mr. Man's gang, but it seemed highly probable it was so.

Cautiously creeping forward on his hands and knees, the Unknown was at length able to look over the bluff without being in danger of being seen from below.

"That's one of the gang!" he said, in a whisper, turning to his companions as he spoke. "It's the blame cuss who gagged me when I was tied to the post in the hold. Thunder! but I'd just like to put a bullet into him, Ned!"

"But you won't!" said Ned, decidedly. "Not a shot must be fired. Our business is to locate the shot, and until that is done none of us must be seen or heard. The man's going away now, he's been shooting ducks, and he has three or four over his back."

"We'll get down and follow him," cried Dick, impulsively.

"There's no need to do so. The range of hills we're now on, Dick, runs parallel to that valley. We can keep near the edge, and look from time to time into the ravine."

Their progress was slow, as they had to keep a little behind the man they were watching, and he stopped from time to time to fire a shot when a duck came within range of his gun. At the end of half an hour's walking they saw the sea right in front of them, and now they determined to go straight ahead, without wasting any further time on the hunter.

A gradual descent brought them at length to a bluff which rose about fifty feet above the sea, and there below lying at anchor was Mr. Man's yacht, not more than one hundred yards from the shore. On the beach was a boat, and sitting on the rocks near were two or three men, whilst another man walked impatiently up and down the sand.

From time to time this man left the beach and went to an elevation about ten feet high, and standing on it looked anxiously towards the interior of the island, returning to his companions after doing so, with an angry look on his face.

"What can he be acting in that way for?" inquired Dick.

"It doesn't require a wizard to answer your question, Dick," said the Unknown. "He's waiting for the hunter we saw."

"Ah! they want to get back to the ship."

"Yes, and they won't go till he comes."

"He must not come," said Ned, springing up quickly. "If he does all the trouble we have taken in getting here will amount to nothing."

Dick and the Unknown were completely surprised at this statement, and at the same time each requested an explanation.

"Look at the yacht," said Ned. "Don't you see anything in particular? You don't? Well, I do. It's easy to see by the smoke coming from the shaft that the fires are up and she's all ready to sail. As

soon as the hunter arrives this boat will take him to the yacht, and she will be away instantly."

"But how can we prevent it?" asked Dick.

"We must get right back," said Ned. "We must intercept the hunter and capture him, and we must do it without firing a shot, and without letting him cry out. Once in our power we'll hold him, and the yacht won't go till he's found. They will send a party ashore to search for him, and that will give us time to mature our plans for capturing the yacht."

"Ned, you've struck it!" cried the Unknown, excitedly. "By the Jumping Jeremiah, we'll capture that hunter and the whole job is as good as done."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE YACHT CAPTURED AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

"THERE'S no time to be lost," said Dick. "Those men may go back to look for him."

"And we won't waste any time either," answered Ned, leading the way. "We had better run, the ground's smooth enough."

Fifteen minutes later they came in sight of the hunter again, and saw that he was going along leisurely enough, resting from time to time with his gun and his game on the ground, looking around eagerly in every direction as if in search of more ducks.

"We must get down to the ravine," said Ned, "and here I think is a good opportunity for us to do so. There's a kind of path and when we're at the bottom all we have to do is to lie perfectly still and wait till the game we're after comes along."

So they descended noiselessly, and having done this, they secreted themselves behind some high rocks in a spot where the ravine was very narrow. This obliged the hunter when he reached the place to pass very near to them, and soon they heard his footsteps approaching.

Everything went well now.

The hunter sat down on a rock a few yards only from where Ned was hiding, and having placed the gun on the ground, he took a stout cord out of his pocket intending to string the ducks together by their necks so that he might carry them better.

Ned seized the opportunity and sprang out quick as lightning, with his heavy blanket in his hands, and throwing it over the hunter's head, he completely enveloped him in its folds. A smothered cry which could not have been heard twenty yards away was the only noise caused by this daring act.

"Ye gods and little fishes! Caught!" cried the Unknown. "See me put the bracelets on him!"

When the blanket was removed the hunter gazed at his captors with a startled look, more especially at the Unknown whom he recognized at once.

"You blame cuss," said the Unknown, savagely. "It would serve you right if I put a bullet into you, for you tried to murder me, but I'm not doing any-

thing of the kind just now, so you're safe. I'll fix you up, though, and don't you forget it," and with those words the Unknown fastened the man's hands together and twisted a rope around his ankles.

"He can't run now," said Dick.

"Not a yard. We'll carry him up to those rocks," said Ned, "and hide him so that the gang won't find him."

Without ceremony, taking their prisoner by the head and heels, they bundled him along, and threw him down behind a good sized rock where he could not be seen by anyone passing through the ravine.

"I'll freeze to death," said the man in a trembling voice. "You're worse than savages."

"You're preaching humanity now, are you?" asked the Unknown, mockingly. "Isn't it a little late in the day to think of that?"

"Wrap a blanket around him," said Ned. "We can spare one. Now he'll do."

"He'll shout," cried Dick.

"Then he must be gagged," and Ned suited the action to the word, winding a large handkerchief across the man's mouth.

"I'm sorry it's not Mr. Man we captured," said Edith, as they were returning.

"We shall have him soon, Edith," cried Ned. "The game's ours now. Hurrah!"

"Say, you a bit previous, dear boy," said the Unknown. "Mr. Man isn't caught yet, and he will certainly show fight. The hardest part of the job's yet to come."

"No, the easiest, Zed," persisted Young Klondike. "I have a great plan in my head. Listen! There's a boat down on the beach below there waiting for those men. Now we must draw them all away, take their boat, and set off for the yacht. By doing that we shall capture it without striking a blow."

"Reckon I don't catch on, Ned," said the Unknown. "Perhaps you'll explain."

"It's dark now," said Ned, "and that's what we want. You'll go down the shore some distance and begin shouting, 'Help! Help!' Yell like an Indian, Zed, and these fellows will think it's their comrade calling, and run to his assistance; we seize the boat, hold it till you return, and the yacht's ours."

"Say, Ned," remarked the Unknown, "seems as if you were the detective, not me."

"My dear Zed," laughed Young Klondike, "have you only just found that out?"

"Why, we've known it right along!" exclaimed Dick.

"Guess I'll skip," muttered the Unknown; "too many roosters crowing here to suit me. You'll hear from me, Ned, shortly."

"Don't spare your breath, Zed; yell like mad."

Five minutes later the Unknown commenced operations, and he did his work very scientifically, shouting as a man would do when in great peril or pain.

His cries caused all the men on the beach to spring up, and begin to chatter amongst each other in the most excited fashion. Even in the darkness Ned and

his friends could see their arms waving as they pointed in the direction from which the cries had come.

The Unknown, after a short pause, recommenced his appeals for help, and no sooner had he done so than the entire party rushed like a lot of madmen up the bank and set off in search of their comrade.

Ned instantly climbed down the bluff, followed by Dick and Edith, and as the boat had no one to guard it, at once it was taken possession of. A few minutes later a man came rushing along the beach.

"It's the Unknown!" cried Ned. "Off with the boat, Dick. That's right. In with you, Zed. Everything's gone like clockwork, and there's no chance of failure now."

The Unknown, panting, for he had run hard, sprang into the boat, and Dick, having seized a pair of sculls, dipped the blades in the water and away they went.

"Sit down in the bottom of the boat, Edith," said the Unknown, as soon as he had sufficient breath to speak. "Whoever's on the yacht would know there was treachery if they saw a girl in the boat."

"What does that matter?" cried Dick. "There can't be more than two on the yacht and we can easily beat them."

"Not more than one, dear boy," said the Unknown, according to my calculation, "but that one could make things unpleasantly lively for us if he got on to our game and began to shoot."

"You bet he could!" exclaimed Ned. "He'd have time to make a coffin ship of this boat, and don't you forget it."

With Edith hidden now, they went on, and as they got near they saw a man standing near the stern of the yacht watching them closely.

"It's Mr. Man himself," muttered Ned.

"I know him," said the Unknown, grimly. "If he gets away this time I'll forgive him. Keep quiet; if he speaks I'll do the talking."

"Say as little as possible, Zed."

"Sure."

"Are you there?" cried Mr. Man, when the boat was twenty yards away from the yacht.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the Unknown, in a hoarse kind of voice. "Every man of us."

"Row, man, row!" cried Mr. Man, impatiently. "You've kept me waiting here long enough."

Dick sent the boat flying along, and with a few strokes of his oars it was alongside the yacht.

Instantly Ned sprang at the rail to board the ship, and the Unknown, pulling a revolver from his belt, leveled it at Mr. Man's head.

"You, you, Mac!" gasped the last named individual. "You!"

"By the Jumping Jeremiah, yes!" cried the Unknown, as Mr. Man, recovering from his surprise and realizing his danger, sprang backwards away from the rail. As he did so the Unknown fired, and Ned climbed on to the deck of the yacht.

There was a boat hook in the boat, and with this

Edith held on to the yacht, whilst Dick and the Unknown made haste to follow Ned.

Mr. Man saw that the odds against him were too great. The shot fired by the Unknown had missed him, and as soon as he found that Ned was threatening him, he dashed down the deck of the yacht towards the stern, Ned hurrying on his trail.

"Surrender!" cried Young Klondike. "Your ship is ours. You had better give up the fight."

The man stopped and Ned concluded that he was about to yield, so he halted. As soon as he had done so, Mr. Man raised his pistol with the quickness of lightning and having done so, he fired at Ned. Before the latter, who was unhurt by the shot, could return the fire, Mr. Man had plunged headfirst into the sea.

The Unknown was in time to see his enemy disappear, and he ran towards him, waiting with his pistol to send home a shot as soon as Mr. Man rose to the surface, but he never fired, the reason being that he saw no more of his wily foe. Doubtless the latter had remained under water until he was so far from the yacht as to be hidden by the darkness.

"We must capture him!" cried the Unknown, furiously.

"We'll do no such thing. We have the yacht," said Ned, "and the gold, too, no doubt. That's enough for one evening's work. Hustle, Zed, and help Dick get up the anchor. I'll lend a hand, too."

Whilst they were thus employed, the men on the shore began to shout. Coming back, they had missed their boat, and as they had not found their comrade they were alarmed when the shots were fired; they had a suspicion of what had happened, and those who had rifles began to use them, sending a good many bullets towards the yacht.

"They can't hit us!" cried Dick.

"Reckon they can't see us," exclaimed Ned. "Hello! There's Edith firing back. She'll make them move, see if she doesn't."

A moment later a cry of pain was heard, showing that Edith must have hit one of the gang, and their cries grew fainter, proving that they had retreated.

By this time the anchor was raised.

"Look after the engine, Dick!" cried Ned. "I'll take the wheel. Where's the boat, Edith? I don't want it to drift away."

"It won't, Ned. I've made it fast to the stern so that we can tow it along with us."

"Dear boy," said the Unknown, coming up, "may I ask where we are going?"

"Back to the ship, of course, and when she begins to move that won't take long."

"Can't I do anything, Ned?" inquired the Unknown. "I'd like to make myself useful."

"Hunt for the gold, Zed," answered Young Klondike. "See if they have it on board."

"Right!"

The detective ran to the cabin, assuming that the gold if it was on the yacht, would be there, and he re-

turned in a very few minutes with a very satisfactory statement.

"It's down below in three large cases, Ned," said the Unknown, "and I should judge by the weight of them, that all they took from you is there."

"I think we're about square with Mr. Man now," said Ned, laughing. "He'll be sorry he ever interfered with me. Hurrah! We're moving now, Zed. Keep a good lookout, and tell me when you see the ship."

The Unknown stationed himself at the bow, remaining absolutely silent until the coffin ship came into sight, and then after shouting out the news to Ned, he ran back to show him where it was.

Ned guided the yacht safely into the creek, and ran close up alongside the ship, to which he had the yacht made fast.

"One thing we'll do at once," he said.

"And what's that?"

"Why, Zed, we'll move the gold back to our ship. It won't take us long to do it."

The Unknown, Dick and Ned took part in the labor of removing the gold, Edith remaining on the watch as they did so, in case of an attack.

"It's not likely we shall have one," said Ned, "for it's a long way across the island, but it's as well to be on the safe side. We'll keep a watch all night."

"The whole lot of us!" cried the Unknown. "No sleep for me, you bet."

And so they remained until day broke, and when it did they were surprised to see Mr. Man and all his gang standing on the shore close to the water's edge. As soon as the latter saw that they were observed by Ned and his friends, they raised their hands imploringly towards the sea.

"That's where I like to have them," laughed the Unknown, pointing to the people on the island. "I shall have the pleasure of saying good-by to those blame cusses soon."

"But we can't leave them there!" cried Edith. "If we do they will starve."

"And serve them right."

"No, no, Zed," exclaimed Ned, "we must take them off. I wouldn't like to sail away knowing I'd left seven men to such a lingering death."

"Take them off, of course!" cried Dick. "We can get rid of them when we please. Besides," he added, turning to the Unknown, "I thought you wanted Mr. Man. If you leave him on the island, how can you get him?"

"That's so, Dick, that's so," replied the Unknown, quickly. "Leave him to me. You can do what you please with the others. We'll row ashore and fetch them."

The Unknown sprang into the boat, and loosening the painter rowed it round to the gangway, where Edith, Dick and Ned got aboard, and immediately they set out for shore.

One of the men on the beach began to point towards a small headland to the north of the ship, and they understood him to mean that there was a good

landing place there, so they went in that direction at once.

"Before we have Mr. Man amongst us," said the Unknown, "I should like to tell you something about him, and then you will understand why it is that I've been following him up."

"Fire away, Zed," Ned remarked, "we're listening."

"It's like this, dear boy," continued the Unknown.

"He and I happened to be in 18——"

"Look! Look!" cried Edith, excitedly.

Ned and Dick dropped their oars, and the Unknown bounded to his feet so violently and suddenly that his plug hat rolled off his head.

"By the Jumping Jeremiah!" he shouted, thunder-struck at what he saw, "Mr. Man & Co. are on our ship! Ye gods and little fishes! Somebody pinch me! I want to know whether I'm awake or not!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE END OF THE COFFIN SHIP.

"THEY'VE played us a trick!" cried Dick. "They must have swam out."

"That's exactly what they've done," said Ned. "This is going to be a hot fight, but we may save the ship yet."

"We must go back at once!" exclaimed the Unknown.

"Yes, Dick and I will row," returned Ned. "You and Edith stand ready with your rifles in case any firing has to be done."

So, whilst the two boys rowed, Edith and the Unknown, in the bow of the boat, held their rifles in their hands, keeping their eyes fixed on the ship to see what was happening there.

The deck of the coffin ship was a scene of excitement, men rushing down to the cabin, and then coming back, dragging some heavy burden with them.

"It's the gold!" cried the Unknown. "They're robbing us, Ned. Shall I put a bullet into one of the scoundrels?"

"No, no! Wait!"

"But where are you going?" asked the Unknown.

"I'm steering for the yacht," answered Ned. "I shall try to board her whilst the attention of Mr. Man and his gang is fixed upon the gold."

"Look!" cried Edith, "what are they doing now? Two men have rushed to the bow of the ship."

"They're cutting the hawser!" exclaimed the Unknown. "What can be their motive?"

"They're going off in the ship," said Ned. "That must be their reason. They've found they haven't time to move the gold and get back to the yacht with it, without having a fight with us, and that they want to avoid."

"The ship's moving!" cried the Unknown.

"Are they towing the yacht with them?" asked Ned, anxiously.

"No, no. They've cut the hawser. The yacht is drifting now."

"Row, Dick, row!" cried Ned. "We shall have them yet."

The two boys bent down to their work, harder than ever now, causing the boat to fairly fly over the water, so that in a few minutes they were within a few yards of the yacht.

"Try a shot, Zed, now!" cried Ned. "If we can stop those men we will do so."

Edith and the Unknown fired instantly, but their bullets only hit the hull of the ship, the stern of which was presented to them. As the coffin ship was high on the water, it was almost impossible from the sea level where Ned and his friends were, to see any figures on the deck.

"She's moving now!" cried the Unknown, as he saw the sails fill out, and the ship began to dash through the water.

"So shall we be in a few minutes!" cried Ned, holding on to the yacht so that Dick and the others might board her. "We have the advantage in this chase, Zed, and don't forget it. We have steam this time, and they have the coffin ship."

But Ned soon found that the fact of having a vessel propelled by steam did not give him such an advantage as he had imagined. A sailing vessel can always move on the water at any time so long as there is a breeze, but a steamer cannot do so until the fires are well going.

They found that the fires were very low, and although they worked hard, it was considerably more than an hour before the yacht was ready to start. During this time the Unknown had paced to and fro on the deck, keeping his eyes fixed on the coffin ship, until he could barely see it in the distance, for it was now only a mere speck upon the water.

"A start of fifteen miles, I reckon," said Ned. "Well! what's that? We shall sail nearly two miles to their one. Now we're off."

"The question is where are they going?" said Dick. "So long as it's day we can keep them in sight, but after dark we shall lose them."

"Make your mind easy on that point, Dick," said Ned. "We shall run them down long before night comes. Where do you think they're bound, Zed?"

"Siberia!" answered the Unknown, promptly. "That's where I told you they were going. It's not many miles across the sea. Why, dear boy, if the weather continues clear, we shall be on the coast of Asia very soon."

Gradually the hull of the ship became more and more distinct which showed that the yacht was gaining, and now nothing was to be dreaded except a fog. This alone would enable the coffin ship to escape.

Ned steered as usual, and Dick worked in the engine room, the Unknown being ready to lend a hand at whatever was required.

Mile after mile the yacht gained, until now with the

coast of Siberia plainly in view, not more than two miles separated the vessels.

"Crowd on more coal, Dick!" shouted Ned.

"The ship's going fast," said Edith. "They've rigged up more sails than we had, Ned."

"Yes, and the wind's helping them. But they can't escape. We shall reach land as soon as they will."

"Mr. Man could be seen now urging his men to work, for the yacht was now not more than three hundred yards from the coffin ship, with the land lying less than that distance away."

"They're going to lower a boat!" cried the Unknown.

"What's that for?" asked Ned.

"To get to land in. I expect the water must be shallow. That's where we have the advantage. We draw less water and can sail right on."

An instant later there was a terrific crash, which could be heard plainly on the yacht.

"Great Heaven!" cried Ned. "The coffin ship has struck a rock. She's sinking!"

"Save yourselves!" shouted Mr. Man. "Each man for himself now!"

With these words he ran and jumped overboard, and his men who saw that there was no time to lower a boat, followed his example, and the whole gang at once began to swim to shore.

The hole made in the ship's bottom must have been tremendous, for already she had gone down so much that only her bows were above water, and a moment later, the tops of her masts were the only indication that a vessel lay in the water.

"The last of the coffin ship!" cried Young Klondike.

"Yes, but not of Mr. Man!" shouted the Unknown, savagely. "We had better stop, Ned."

"Why?"

"We will get into our boat, and row after them, or we may stand a chance of sharing their fate. It's much safer, and on the whole, quicker."

At once the engines were stopped, the anchor dropped, and the boat lowered. The whole party got into it, and set off for shore.

Ahead of them, nearing the beach, they could see the heads of Mr. Man and his friends appearing above the surface of the water. Evidently they were making desperate efforts to escape. It would have been a comparatively easy thing now to have shot down these people, for they were close to the boat, but Ned strongly objected, refusing to allow what he called butchery.

"They're quite defenseless," he said, "and must surrender as soon as they land. It would be needless slaughter, for there's no necessity to do any killing."

Mr. Man was on shore now, shaking his fist defiantly at the detective, and one by one his followers gathered around him, and as they did so the boat touched shore. Without waiting to haul it up, Ned and his friends sprang overboard into the water, which was knee deep, and with their rifles in their hands they set off towards Mr. Man.

"Surrender!" cried Ned, as he, Dick and the Unknown covered the little group in front of them with their rifles. "You can't escape now!"

Before Mr. Man could make a reply a surprising thing happened. Over a low, sandy bank, a number of armed men appeared, not less than twenty, with an officer at their head, who waved a sword and directed those under him towards Young Klondike.

"The Russians!" cried the Unknown. "By the Jumping Jeremiah, we're in for trouble now!"

"Lower your rifles!" shouted Ned, to his friends, seeing clearly the folly of resistance, and hoping that he might be able to explain matters.

The soldiers advanced more leisurely now, seeing that all danger of a conflict was at an end, and when the officer was near, Ned courteously saluted him.

"You are my prisoners!" cried the officer in Russian.

Ned shook his head, not understanding what was meant, but the actions of the soldiers were quite sufficient. At the command of their leader they parted into two detachments, one body surrounding Mr. Man and his gang and making prisoners of them, the other performing the same office for Young Klondike and his friends.

"March!" cried the officer. "Lead those men to the fort. We shall see what Colonel Zauroff has to say to their proceedings."

"We're going to be taken before their colonel, Ned," said the Unknown in a quiet tone.

"How do you know?"

"Because I heard the officer say so."

"What! you speak Russian?" exclaimed Ned, in amazement.

"Dear boy, I speak almost every language, but I read only one, English."

"Ask him what he's going to do with us," said Ned, and the Unknown proceeded to do so.

"You will be taken before Colonel Zauroff, who is the civil governor of this district, as well as the military commander, and you will be questioned by him. Whatever you may have to say will be listened to, for the colonel, although a stern man is a gentleman, and is just besides."

"If he is," said Ned, when the answer was translated to him, "we shall have little difficulty in making a satisfactory explanation."

The Unknown said nothing, and somehow he did not seem to be quite so confident or exhibit the same unconcern as Ned and Dick showed. Edith felt no alarm, satisfied that nothing would happen her, and, indeed, the excitement pleased her, and she watched the soldiers with a certain amount of interest.

As everything that had happened could be seen from the walls of the fort, it is not wonderful that Colonel Zauroff and his staff were in waiting to receive the soldiers and those they brought with them. They were all conducted into a large hall, and a moment later the colonel entered from a door which opened onto a dais, and took his seat. Sitting beneath him was an official whose duty, judging from

appearances, it was to take down in writing an account of all that was said and done during the hearing.

At Colonel Zauroff's orders a chair was placed for Edith, so that she might be seated, and the others stood facing the governor, with the soldiers resting on their rifles in the background.

Through an interpreter the examination was conducted, and the proceedings commenced at once, the colonel putting the questions and addressing himself to Young Klondike, who had already stated that he held himself responsible for all that had happened.

"The presence of an armed force of strangers on Russian territory," said Colonel Zauroff, "is in itself a crime. Have you any explanation to offer?"

"Certainly," answered Ned, and then rapidly he detailed all that had happened since he and his friends left Juneau.

"But you followed him on to Russian soil!" cried the colonel.

"I admit it," replied Ned, boldly. "The man had tried more than once to murder me and my friends, he had stolen my ship and the gold that was on it, and in following him in my anger, I had no time to think of what constitutes an offense under international law. Colonel," cried Ned, "in my position you would have done the same."

The colonel smiled when Ned's last words were interpreted to him, and Edith whispered to Ned that things were going well.

"He'll let us off, Ned," she said. "I can see it by his look."

The examination had stopped now, and the colonel, his clerk, and two or three other officials were talking earnestly with their heads close together and in such low tones that the Unknown could not catch a word of what was said, though he tried his best to do so.

Mr. Man had said nothing for some reason or other, and the gang with him had exhibited the utmost terror ever since the proceedings had commenced, feeling probably an uneasiness which is natural to all such people when confronted by officers of the law.

The interpreter began to speak now, and Ned and his friends listened eagerly.

"Young Klondike," said the official, "Colonel Zauroff thinks you have behaved indiscreetly, but he is willing to accept your explanation. All the prisoners are discharged but two. Soldiers!" he cried, pointing to Mr. Man and the Unknown, "seize those men!"

Mr. Man turned pale as death when he heard these words, and the Unknown's eyes ran rapidly around the room, evidently seeking for a means of escape.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

NED, retaining his presence of mind and seeing what the Unknown meant to do, grasped him by the arms instantly.

"Be still, Zed," he whispered. "There is no chance of getting away. Make one move and these soldiers will shoot you down. What does this all mean, Zed?" he added. "Surely, there must be some mistake."

"I'm afraid I'm in a bad fix, Ned," answered the Unknown. "This means the mines of Siberia for me."

"Remove those two men!" shouted Colonel Zauroff. "The others are free to depart at once."

Before Ned could say another word to the Unknown, he and Mr. Man were dragged away, and Colonel Zauroff rose, bowed courteously to Edith, and left the court room followed by his staff.

"This is a terrible affair," said Ned, when he, Dick and Edith found themselves in the street again. "What can be the meaning of it?"

"It looks," answered Dick, "as if the Unknown had been engaged in some conspiracy against the Russian government. If he knew that he ran such a danger what folly it was of him ever to land here."

"His hatred for Mr. Man drew him on," said Edith. "And perhaps it's many years since it happened and he imagined they wouldn't recognize him."

"Whatever the reason may be, it's very serious," Ned observed. "The Unknown himself admits that he will be sent to the mines."

"The mines!" gasped Edith, aghast at hearing these dreadful underground dungeons mentioned. "That means a living death. We shall never see Zed again."

"We must save him!" cried Dick.

"I mean to do so, if possible," answered Ned. "So long as there is a chance I will stick to him, even if I have to share his fate. But we'd better get away now, somebody may be listening to us. Let us go and see what has become of our boat. We left it in the water instead of pulling it up on the shore."

It was nearly dark when they reached the spot where they had landed, and luckily they found that the boat had not drifted away, having been washed up on the beach by the waves, and it now lay there high and dry.

"I shall go back to the town," said Ned. "Something may occur there that will show me how the Unknown's escape can be managed."

"How about us?" said Dick. "Shall we go back to the yacht?"

"You had better do so," answered Ned, "but not Edith. Are you afraid to stay here, Edith, till I return?"

"Afraid!" exclaimed Edith. "I should be a strange kind of girl if I hesitated to run a little risk in helping the Unknown, after the many services he has rendered me. The boat will not be seen behind these rocks, and neither shall I be."

"You are a brave girl!" cried Ned, admiringly. "Zed will never forget what he owes to you."

"But what's the reason for my going back to the yacht and how am I to get there?" asked Dick.

"You'll have to swim out to the yacht," said Ned. "There's no other way, because the boat must be here in readiness to take us off. Your presence on the yacht is necessary to keep the fires up, and have everything in readiness for steaming away at a moment's notice. There will be a hot chase, depend upon that."

All this being arranged, Dick plunged boldly into the sea, which was a daring thing to do under the circumstances, and Ned, leaving Edith, went back to the town along the beach.

Arrived there, he entered a low-roofed wooden building, which seemed to consist of one long room only, and he had gone in because in passing he saw through the windows that a number of men were sitting at the tables inside, drinking and talking.

Ned's presence occasioned no surprise, because most of the men in the room were foreigners, principally sailors from an English tramp ship which lay at anchor not far from the yacht, having loaded with ore from the mines. The sailors were taking a last drink before leaving the port.

Ned seated himself, and the proprietor, who understood a smattering of English, took his order and brought him some brandy, which Ned only made a pretense of drinking, and scarcely had the glass been set in front of him than a man came and sat himself down at the same table.

To Ned's utter surprise he addressed him in English, and Ned imagined he was one of the sailors belonging to the tramp steamer, until suddenly he recollected he had seen the stranger in court during the trial before Colonel Zauroff, and he became curious instantly to know what the man wanted with him.

"You extricated yourself from your trouble, sir," said the Russian, "but your friend was not so fortunate, it seems."

"Do you think his position is a serious one?" asked Ned, anxious to obtain all the information possible.

"Very serious," answered the Russian, gravely. "From what I have heard I am satisfied he will be sent to the mines."

"For how long?"

The Russian smiled.

"As many people come back from the tombs as from them," he said, and Ned shuddered as he heard him. "You often read of escapes from Siberia?"

"Yes, yes, I have read them."

"Believe me, sir, they are merely newspaper stories. It is practically impossible to get away from the mines. If your friend is to escape," said the Russian, sinking his voice to a whisper, "it must be done before he leaves this place."

Ned was greatly astounded at these words, and delighted at the same time, but an instant's reflection caused him to think that perhaps this confiding stranger was an agent of the Russian police, and a trap was being set for him. However, after thinking the matter over, he dismissed his fears, because he could see no motive which should cause the police or the officials at the place to desire to entrap him.

"I would give anything to save him!" cried Ned.  
 "How much?"

The quiet way in which this question was put completed Ned's surprise.

"It's only a question of money," thought Ned.  
 "Well, after all, I ought not to be surprised. I've often been told how corrupt these officials are." Then he spoke alone to the Russian. "I had a large quantity of gold on board the ship in which I sailed over here, but that, as you know has gone to the bottom. I could give you a check. If you know me, you will —"

"Yes, I know you. You are Young Klondike," interrupted the Russian, "and your name on a check would be good for any amount. When you gave your name to Count Zauhoff, I knew at once that you were the famous gold prospector of whom I had heard so much. But a check, sir, would be an inconvenient thing for me to handle, I must decline it. It would be of no use to me whatever here."

"I have in my pocket book," said Ned, "ten bills of a thousand dollars each, for I always carry some money with me. I will give you these ten thousand dollars to help my friend to escape."

"Ten thousand dollars!" muttered the man.  
 "That's two thousand, five hundred apiece."

"Then there are four of you in this business?" said Ned, quickly.

"Certainly. It would be quite impossible for me to act alone. I am simply their agent and was sent here to meet you."

"But supposing I hadn't come here?" asked Ned, with a smile, "I might have sailed away, and then you would have lost the chance of doing a good stroke of business."

"Quite impossible, Young Klondike," said the Russian. "From the time you left the court room one of us had our eyes upon you. Wait for me at the back of this shanty and hand me the money, and the affair is arranged."

"But don't I do anything?" cried Ned, amazed at the coolness of the Russian.

"A rope will be given to your friend by which he will descend from his cell, which I will point out to you. You had better be waiting in two hour's time. Mind, if a sentry sees him he must take his chance. I don't undertake to deal with soldiers."

"They may fire at him!" exclaimed Ned.

"They will, beyond a doubt, if they see him. Don't blame me, I can't attempt to corrupt the guard."

"No, no, I don't blame you. I thank you a thousand times, and trust you will get into no trouble through what you're doing."

"I run no risk," laughed the Russian. "Colonel Zauhoff dare not touch us, even if he had proof of our guilt. We know too much about him."

Nothing more remained to be said, and so Ned left the shanty, being joined at the rear a few minutes later by the Russian to whom the ten thousand dollars were paid according to arrangement. Then Ned

went back to the beach, told Edith what he had done, and remained with her until the time came for him to get back to the neighborhood of the fort.

The Russian had pointed out to him the window of the Unknown's cell, and Ned secreted himself at a place from which he could watch it. He was so near that he could hear the measured tread of the sentry as he paced to and fro on the walls, but he soon convinced himself that the watch that was being kept was not of the strictest kind. Five minutes would pass without the sentry appearing, and this showed he was taking his ease somewhere, and so the Unknown's chances brightened.

It was fully ten o'clock when Ned distinctly saw a man crawl through the window of the cell and grasp a rope, which must have been passed through previously. Ned glided to a spot underneath the cell, and almost as soon as he reached there a man stood beside him.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe, Zed!" cried Young Klondike, fervently, and then looking up in the escaped prisoner's face, he experienced a great surprise. It was not the Unknown but Mr. Man who stood before him.

"Mac's coming," was all that Mr. Man said, and glancing upwards, Ned saw another man descending the rope, and he knew it must be the Unknown. When the latter was within ten feet of the ground the rope broke, and the Unknown fell heavily with a crash.

"I'm not hurt!" he cried, springing to his feet in an instant.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry from the walls, no doubt having heard the noise caused by the fall.

"We must run for our lives, Zed," cried Ned, dash-off as he spoke, and the Unknown and Mr. Man instantly followed him, the latter probably because he did not know what else to do.

The sentry fired at the fugitives, and as soon as he had done so, men with lanterns appeared on the water and the utmost excitement prevailed in a moment.

It was fortunate they had not far to go, and when they arrived at the boat, they found that Edith had it in the water ready to start.

"In you go!" cried the Unknown, pushing Mr. Man into the boat as he spoke, and Ned followed instantly as did Edith and the Unknown.

"Shoot him if he attempts to escape, Edith," cried the Unknown, as he and Ned seized the oars and began to row out to the yacht. "Don't hesitate, Edith. He must not get away."

"Why did you let him come down from the cell before you, Zed?" asked Ned.

"Couldn't trust him, dear boy," answered the Unknown. "I knew Mr. Man too well. He'd have cut the rope, for he'd have remained behind in his cell cheerfully if he could have killed me."

"That's right," growled Mr. Man, savagely. "Mac tells the truth."

By this time people were running along the shore in

every direction, and it was clear that the entire garrison had been aroused. The boat was now near the yacht, and as soon as it reached the ship's side, Edith went up first, then the Unknown, after him Mr. Man, and Ned brought up the rear.

"He's escaped, Dick!" cried Ned, rushing over to the engine room. "We have got the Unknown!"

"Hooray!" shouted Dick, "I'm ready to start at once. Up with the anchor!"

"No time for that, dear boy!" exclaimed the Unknown. "This will do the business quicker," and the detective showed a long bladed knife with which he cut the hawser.

Just as the last strand was severed Mr. Man plunged headlong into the water, and rising to the surface struck out in the direction of the British tramp steamer which was just sailing.

"I'll shoot him!" shouted the Unknown, rushing for his rifle. "He shan't escape!"

"Don't be foolish, Zed!" cried Ned. "Do you want to be taken to the mines?"

"I'll have that villain, anyhow!" roared the Unknown. "See! he's being taken on board the steamer. They've thrown him a rope and he's being dragged out of the water. Sail over! Ned, we will compel the captain to surrender him."

"We have all our work cut out to save ourselves!" cried Ned. "Ha! now the guns of the fort are making things lively."

The yacht was steaming away now following in the wake of the British ship, and from time to time a shot

fell on the sea near them, but the gunners could not score a hit.

The Unknown, standing at the bows, thinking of Mr. Man only, was shouting to the captain of the steamer to give up his prisoner. But his request was unnoticed, and the mysterious individual who had been chased to Siberia remained on the steamer which was soon out of sight.

"Tell us what all this means, Zed?" said Young Klondike, as he watched her disappear in the distance. "Surely after all that has happened we have the right to know."

The Unknown shook his head.

"I recognize the force of your remarks, boys," he replied, "but the time has not come to tell my story. That will be when I have actually captured my man."

Whereupon the Unknown went down into the cabin and was seen no more that night, and the yacht steamed away to Juneau, where she arrived safely in due time.

Finding the Unknown so unwilling to tell his story the boys did not question him, and the whole affair ended in the same mystery in which it began.

In the next number of this series further adventures of Young Klondike and his friends will be detailed, and they are of the usual interesting character. Read, if you want a good story, "YOUNG KLONDIKE AND THE STRIKING STRIKERS; OR, THE TROUBLE ON CLAIM '33.'"

[THE END.]

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